THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.

Volume I | New York, Wednesday, December 17, 1924 | Number 6

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ON THE WORK OF LAYMEN

Editor's Note:—The following is, in substance, the text of an address delivered by Mr. William D. Guthrie before the Xavier Alumni Sodality of New York, on the occasion of a reception tendered on Thursday evening, December 4, to Cardinal Hayes. The Commonweal believes Mr. Guthrie's words to have wide general interest because they show the task that Catholic laymen are now undertaking in behalf of the general welfare of the nation, and because they indicate the special part of that task which The Calvert Associates and their organ, The Commonweal, are pledged to bear. Mr. Guthrie was president of the New York State Bar Association, 1921 and 1922, was Ruggles Professor of Constitutional law at Columbia University for more than ten years, and is the author of many essays and addresses.

IT is an impressive fact that 340 years have elapsed since Gregory XIII, on December 5, 1584, issued the bull "Omnipotentis Dei," granting to the original or parent Sodality the title of Prima-Primaria. There is surely much to strengthen human faith in the permanence—we might more fittingly say the immortality—of the Roman Catholic Church in the reflection that that year, 1584, was nearly forty years before the Pilgrims in the Mayflower established their first colony at Plymouth in their search for the religious liberty which was then denied them in England, and pledged themselves to set up in the New World a government of just and equal laws, from which germ was to spring the splendid and beneficent American constitutional system we enjoy, with its effective guaranties of individual rights and liberties.

It was also forty years before George Calvert, first Lord Baltimore, became a Catholic, whose son, Cecilius, the second Lord Baltimore, was the founder of Maryland. And the example and services of these two great Catholic laymen the organization known as The Calvert Associates seeks to perpetuate.

It seems to me that I am not exaggerating when I assert that never before was the active and efficient service of Catholic laymen more imperative than at the present time. Our churches and our pulpits have their own field, but there are millions and millions of our fellow-citizens who are prejudiced against us by false notions and erroneous views which are being daily fed, intensified, or inflamed by ignorance. These fellow-Americans cannot be reached by our pulpits, nor by missions for non-Catholics, nor by what I will call for want of a better comprehensive term, the official Catholic press. We are living in what is to a great extent an irreligious age. There is in this aspect a great want, a great duty, a great task. How we should act, how we may effectively concentrate or coördinate our efforts, how we may reach and bring the truth home to our fellow-Americans whom we respect

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and who are all within the compass of our duty as laymen and Sodalists—these are vital questions, each of which presents an extremely difficult and complex practical problem. Scholarly and admirable as our Catholic press is, it does not reach those who it is of vital importance to us should know the truth.

A secret organization of avowed Protestants, including in its membership, it is credibly said, many Protestant clergymen, is at work seeking to ostracize Catholics in politics, in business, in social life, and to deny them fair play and their rights as American citizens under the Constitution of the United States. Among its large and influential membership undoubtedly are many honest, reasonable, fair-minded and patriotic men and women who conscientiously believe—what we know to be contrary to the truth—that the Catholic Church is a menace to American institutions and to the national and sound policy of the separation of Church and State. How beneficent and fruitful of good might it be if we could reach these fair-minded people and dispel their illusions and erroneous ideas!

The other day, on the front page of our metropolitan press appeared, with all the lurid emphasis of headlines and heavy type, a criticism of the selection of a very scholarly and distinguished Catholic alumnus of Harvard as one of the Fellows of Harvard University, and the writer of this criticism, a cultured man who ought to know better, falsely asserted, in a letter sent to the press and obviously written for publicity purposes, that "the outspoken purpose of the Roman Church is to control American education," and that "this is one of the larger issues of our epoch."

Yet the truth is that the Roman Catholic Church has never avowed any purpose to control American education, and that all we American Catholics have ever wanted or ever claimed is the right to have our Catholic children, if practicable, attend schools that teach them their religion. American Catholics are profoundly convinced, in which conviction clergy and laity are a unit, that the welfare of the nation, the stability of our constitutional system of government, the continuance of civil and religious freedom, and the lasting happiness of the individual citizen depend upon the code and standards of morality, discipline, self-restraint and temperance taught by religion. And this broadminded view is not confined to Catholics. The student of history well knows that social order and civilized society have always rested upon religion, that there has never been a civilized nation without religion, that free government has never long endured except in countries where some religious faith has prevailed, and that our own country for four centuries has been an essentially religious country, by which is meant that the great majority of citizens have been believers in God and in some religion. When the Constitution of the United States was established, the Americans were a religious people, and as a whole held firmly to one form or another of Christian faith. As was pointed out by Archbishop Ireland in the Cathedral of St. Paul, in those early days, "to stay away from religious service on Sunday was to invoke upon one's self serious public criticism regardless of religious affiliation." It is quite true that the great majority of Americans were then Protestants, but they constituted a religious majority. The Catholics never forget that they owe the blessing of the religious liberty which they now enjoy and which the national constitution guarantees to a generation that was overwhelmingly Protestant.

In Catholic schools, patriotism, obedience to the law, and loyalty to the Constitution are taught not merely as a patriotic duty, but a religious duty as well, and the best and highest ideals of American patriotism and citizenship are exalted. Children are taught in these schools that loyal obedience to the laws and religious tolerance are the two essential elements of good citizenship, and in every way they are impressed with the obligation as a religious duty to render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's and unto God the things which are God's, and to be ever grateful that in this country these two separate cardinal duties are wholly reconcilable.

The attitude of Catholic parents in regard to their constitutional rights and liberties as American citizens is not at all peculiar or confined to them. Thousands of Protestant and Jewish parents are sending their children to church schools or other private schools, and these parents disapprove and condemn the principle and spirit of the Oregon Compulsory Public School Law just as emphatically as Catholic parents do. There are, for example, many Episcopal church schools, such as Groton, St. Paul's, St. Mark's, etc. A school affiliated with the Episcopal church was one of the litigants successfully challenging the constitutionality of the Oregon School Law. The many thousands of Protestant parents who now send their children to private church schools where religious instruction is given in the Protestant faith resent the principle of the Oregon Law just as conscientiously and ardently as Catholic parents do, for they readily realize that whilst the Oregon School Law was directly aimed at the Catholic parochial schools, the precedent is likewise a menace to all private schools throughout the United States.

As a recent number of The Commonweal (December 3) shows, Mr. Rossiter Johnson, the well-known historian and author, has recently sent a letter to the press urging that Americans unite in what he calls "one grand drive" for the abolition of all parochial schools of whatever denominations.

Hence, we must be deaf and blind, indeed, if we do not realize the fact of these attacks being made upon us and our schools, which attacks are based, when in good faith and conscience, on ignorance and on misrepresentations which unfortunately are seldom effectively gainsaid.

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THE COMMONWEAL

Published weekly and copyrighted 1924, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, 25 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

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Subscription Rates: Yearly: $10.00. Single Copies: $0.20

WEEK BY WEEK

ONE of the curious and rather depressing by-products of the Chapman-Cram controversy in the columns of this journal has been the many abusive, and often anonymously abusive, letters received by Mr. Cram and The Commonweal. If published, and thus brought to the attention of readers who for the most part are unaware of the wide-spread mass of bitterly anti-Catholic "literature" circulating today, these letters would illustrate the wild, nightmarish quality of the strange charges made against the Church and its followers, and the illiteracy and intolerance of most of those who spread such charges. That the Jesuit priests are hypnotizing thousands of minds, and influencing them to commit murder, is one of these charges. There are scores of others hardly less fantastic. The Commonweal does not wish to inflict such aberrations upon its readers. It will, however, quote a paragraph or two from its contemporary, The Saturday Review of Literature, from the department edited by Mr. William Rose Benét, to show the extremes to which this type of bigotry will go, not only with its accusations but also in its efforts to spread them. The testimony of a wholly unbiased witness on such a point as this has a distinctive value. Mr. Benét remarks:

"WE seem to have been elected one of those who receive 'The Trinity of Civilization' by 'Yours Truly.' They are not ours truly. The attempt is being made, say they, to circulate a million copies. The 'literature' we find in 'The Trinity,' say they, will give us an idea of the 'chain system' employed in distribution. We don't like the 'chain system.' It consists either of a form (with room for any comments you care to make) which you are supposed to fill out and mail with two dollars if you want to keep the book, a form on which you are to give names and addresses of persons you think would like to receive the book, or a postal you are to send saying you are not interested and do not favor the ideas advanced by the book and will they forward stamps for the return of the book. These forms and this postal are numbered and lettered for filing. The jacket of the book says it is the 'only book ever published with the privilege of reading before buying.' We dislike this way of doing business. You get something you didn't ask for and you have to go to the trouble of returning it because you don't want it. It is an imposition. In our case the book was sent us for mention in our column. Well, we will mention it.

"IN the first place it is chiefly an attack on the Catholic Church. We are not a Catholic nor have we ever been a Catholic, though we may have been near to it sometimes, but the venomous attack made upon the Church in this book makes us hot under the collar. The author has dug up a good deal about certain licentious prelates of the past and quotes the actions of a modern priest who is about as typical of the Catholic priesthood as is a Hottentot of civilized mankind. For this latter bit of hearsay he makes statements entirely unsupported by any documents. The documents of the dim past from which he does quote deal with the sale of dispensations and possess no relevance today; neither do the lives of John X, XI, and XII. This is practically all of the material of his argument. He is about as far from being an enlightened historian as is humanly possible. If this book is circulated to the tune of a million copies it will shamefully illustrate, either the sheer laziness of many people who would rather pay two dollars than take the trouble of sending the book back, or it will illustrate how many people prefer half-baked sensationalism to true history, true philosophy, true religion, or true literature. We repeat that whoever Yours Truly is, the anonymous author or the equally anonymous publishers, they are not ours truly by a darn long shot!"

ON the day the above lines were written, recording, if only by allusion, the deplorable evidences of the almost unbelievable excesses of bigotry into which millions of Americans are being led, in every city and town of the country some twenty million Catholics crowded into their churches to pray for the welfare of their nation. The day was December 8, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary, who, under that title, is regarded by Catholics as the Patron Saint of the United States of America. Sermons extolling the principles, laws, and institutions of the country were made at many of these services. From Pacific to Atlantic,

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from Canada to Mexico, the united prayers, a vast spiritual force, of these millions were offered up for this country. These are the people who in the fevered imagination of misled neighbors, so kindly and reasonable otherwise, are regarded as malign and treasonable plotters against their nation.

"ALMOST thou persuadest me to be a Christian," said Agrippa to Paul. The Commonweal would not, of course, be presumptuous enough to compare its proselytizing ability with that of the apostle to the Gentiles, nevertheless, it does, in all modesty, and gratification, record the fact that its words seem to have been a little more efficacious, in one particular case, even than those of Paul. They appear to have been the occasion, if not precisely the cause, of the conversion to Christianity of Mr. Heywood Broun. In his It Seems to Me column in the World, Mr. Broun recently preached such an eloquent little sermon on behalf of Christian virtues that we must assume, at least we must hope, that it indicates on his part a fundamental Christian conviction of a very sturdy kind. The little sermon we refer to was àpropos of remarks made by The Commonweal anent Mr. Broun's morning-after-the-first-night review of the play, They Knew What They Wanted.

IN his first review (for his sermon really constitutes a second one) of this play, in which a wife, "overwrought by the circumstances of the occasion," as Mr. Broun pathetically pleads (the circumstances being that her husband has broken his legs in an accident on their wedding day) deceives her husband, and a little later knows that she is to be the mother of an illegitimate child, Mr. Broun had nothing to say about the play's Christian virtues. In that review, Mr. Broun, speaking of the crisis when the wife tells her husband, says that "every tradition of the theatre and most of the traditions of life demand that tragedy should stalk in and take charge of the circumstances." But "the comic spirit puts up its hands and fights for its life." With brisk metaphors derived from the prize ring and the football field, Mr. Broun describes the victory of the comic spirit. "It lashes out . . . a fine swinging punch . . . driving through a broken field . . . the comic spirit achieves heroic proportions. . . . The line in the final act which looses the loudest roar of laughter also sets free the very tears of triumph," etc. The Commonweal mildly commented that possibly Mr. Broun might be mistaken. Traditions of Christendom and of civilization, which consider adultery and illegitimacy quite serious, even tragic matters, might not be so badly shattered by the comic spirit, even in this play, as Mr. Broun supposed.

IN taking notice of our remarks, Mr. Broun began by saying—"Something must be done to make Christians believe in Christianity." This puzzled us a bit. It seemed like saying that something ought to be done to make arithmeticians believe that twice two is four. Probably Mr. Broun must have meant to say that something should be done to make Christians practise their beliefs. The little sermon that follows his misleading text seems to bear us out in this view, in which we heartily concur. For Mr. Broun goes on to say that the play in question seemed to him "an application of true Christian principles," applauded by him for that reason, a very godly and edifying one, to be sure. For the play, as Mr. Broun now sees it, several days after his first excited cheering of its "comic spirit," is "eloquent in its plea for reasonableness and toleration" (both of which qualities Mr. Broun rightly seems to think belong to true Christianity) and also the wronged husband forgives his wife—which undoubtedly was an example of Christian virtue. Amen, Mr. Broun, Amen! What a pity you did not say so in your first review.

IN his earnestness, Mr. Broun appeals to Dante's Divine Comedy, as a great exemplar of the comic spirit. But the lines in which Dante treats of the case of adultery, the rather famous one of Paolo and Francesca, recorded there, do not, as we remember, "let loose loud roars of laughter." It is true that many clever plays make the circumstances surrounding stories of adultery and illegitimacy very funny, and many true circumstances of real cases of the kind are ludicrous certainly, but both remain tragic, deplorable, uncivilized things in themselves. Except when purged by repentance, elevated by reparation, so far as reparation is possible, and transmuted by forgiveness, their subjects and victims are tragic figures. Mr. Broun in his revised version of his review of the play seems to say that these Christian forces are operative in its action. Not having seen the play, we are not competent to judge Mr. Broun's new report, but we accept it, together with his celebration of "the true principles of Christianity," gladly.

THE unsavory "Mr. A." case, the civil prelude to which has just ended in London, has this much in common with historic incidents such as the "Affaire du Collier"—that it seems to register a disintegration none the less profound because it may prove to be temporary. The long series of scandals of which it is the latest and most dramatic seldom occur except in a society whose standards are adrift. In many ways it may be regarded as an aftermath of the war and, as such, should find its place in that social history of England and Europe during and following the great disaster which, it is to be hoped, some writer with the skill, knowledge and courage requisite to the task, may yet write for us.

IT was unfortunate but inevitable that the corps of undesirables whom the war attracted to England

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should, when the time came to absorb them into civil life, go to swell the already large army of those who live on their wits, or the vice and folly of their neighbors. Among them were men bearing honored names, who had already left their country once for their country's good. Many paid for their patriotic impulse by an honorable death which atoned for all failures and failings. But a large percentage did not. They were the lads, who, during periods of leave, haunted the fast night clubs and gambling hells, and who, when the war was over, were not often found at the employment bureaus or on the repatriation steamers. Using the clean bill of health which a uniform gave them they had either found means to renew old connections, or, on the strength of a happy bounce and swagger, had formed new and profitable ones with the large class of the socially ambitious, sufficiently identified by the general term "profiteer." The life of some of these men, in early days when the pickings were good, would make rare material for picaresque fiction.

ONLY one further comment on the case remains to be made. It arises from the alleged withdrawal of a famous French counsel, as reported in press despatches, from the defence of the accused officer against whom Scotland Yard is taking extradition proceedings. This withdrawal, if cables are to be relied on, is made from a wish not to embarrass the British government, with whom the great leaders of the Paris bar were connected during the war, and who are anxious, for imperial reasons, that the whole business should be put through as quickly, quietly and automatically as possible. There was a time, and not so long ago, when the great masters of the bar, in France and England, made it a point of honor to feature their independence of all and any outside influence by undertaking the defence of unpopular clients who appealed for their forensic assistance, and by conducting it all the more strenuously the more evidently the powers that be were interested in a conviction. Apparently this high professional spirit has gone the way of other old fashions and has been replaced by more practical conceptions of the liaison between law and government.

THE attempted reconstitution of New York society, "along the lines of fastidious taste," by the Monday Opera Club, initiated by the reception to the Grand Duchess Cyril of Russia, promises at least a great variety of social ritual, and artistic decor. Whether the reconstitution itself is likely to become a reality seems rather more doubtful. Even the influence of the Colonial Dames of America, whose president is a leader among the hierarchy of the Monday Opera Club, may not suffice wholly to effect the desired creation of the new centre of society. What we fear, after having scanned the lists of proposed royal and noble personages who are to follow the Grand Duchess Cyril as the guests of the Monday Opera Club is that the whole enterprise may be considered anti-Nordic, and so fall under the ban of the same powers behind the veil which brought about the Immigration Restriction law. Queen Marie of Roumania, the Duchess de Bourbon, and three more Russians, a Grand Duke, a Grand Duchess, and some comparatively lowly Countesses, and one Englishwoman, a granddaughter of Queen Victoria, are announced. Two Latins, and three Slavs, and only one representative of the Nordic race—this seems an open invitation to trouble. Yet, before the trouble appears, if the example of the first function is followed by the others, how internationally musical and ritualistic will not the new social hierarchy become! Russian music and dancers, courtseys and courtly kissing of hands accompanied the first reception. Think of the possibilities of old French court ceremonial, and Roumanian costumes! Whether all these means will conduce to stave off the threatened revolution, as the Monday Opera Club desires, is another matter.

M. HERRIOT'S BLUNDER

M. HERRIOT, at last moved to action against the menace of violent Communist propaganda in France, has not added to his already rather dubious reputation for good sense by coupling what he terms "the clerical agitation" with the avowed Communistic offensive, as being equally hostile to the best interests of France. "The government finds itself at grips with a double agitation," says M. Herriot. "On the one hand there is the clerical agitation. It is a formidable effort to arouse the country against the pretended persecutions of the government. On the other hand, there is another offensive that increasingly unmasks itself daily and is accompanied by a whole series of provocations."

The complicated and delicate problems brought about by the severance of relations between Church and State in France, for the most part are properly considered by Americans to be strictly the internal affairs of France, with which foreigners have nothing to do. Frenchmen certainly would not welcome gratuitous and possibly ill-informed advice or meddling on the part of others. But there are aspects of the situation with which Americans cannot help but be gravely concerned, and on which they have a plain right to express an opinion. The friendship for France which exists in this country is deeply rooted in history. It may be trite, but it is also most true, to say that Americans cannot forget nor cease to be grateful for the aid of France in the American Revolution. Nor was that friendship lessened, or the debt of gratitude cancelled out of further remembrance by the events of the world war. Rather were both made stronger, and, as all patriotic Frenchmen and Americans hope, permanent.

But Americans know that French Catholicism has

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never been other than a great and beneficial factor among the ties that bind both peoples together in a common quest of the high ideals of their nations. That the faith which is the most treasured possession of the French nation should be persecuted by a government dominated by socialistic ideas and classed by the head of that government on the same level with revolutionary Communism cannot help but shock Americans, and cause them gravely to suspect the representative character of the present French government. The record of French Catholics in the war, coupled with the revelation of an impressive revival of the religious life of France, had led Americans to hope, even to believe, that the main problems of the old, bitter quarrel had been happily and peacefully solved. The revival of that quarrel now by M. Herriot and his socialistic government is nothing short of deplorable. The progress of civilized nations towards harmonious coöperation against the anti-social forces of the world is threatened by such tactics. Americans can but trust that the socialistic, anti-religious forces behind the present French government are not those which will be trusted by the French people to control the destinies of the nation, upon whose actions the peace and welfare of all Christendom so largely depend.

ON THE TRAIL OF A LIE

FALSEHOODS, or if you prefer the word better, legends, like micro organisms have an obscure origin and a long life. They are seldom met with in the static state. Whenever we encounter them they appear to be on their way from one piece of mischief to another. They are bred upon all sorts of dark hosts, from sheer dishonesty to a sub-conscious willingness to credit support that comes pat to a polemical argument. Whether truth ever overtakes them completely is somewhat doubtful. Pessimists say not. Truth indeed has other work to do than to dog these forlorn but venemous fugitives. You can not tie disproof to the tail of every lie, like a kettle to a cur's tail, far less trap it to stay trapped. Lies are as cunning as they are mischievous. They can gnaw their way out of the stoutest springs ever set and go wandering over the world, a little lame, but with bite intact.

It is none the less the duty of every honest historian, when one of these runaways makes his appearance afresh, to halt him long enough, at any rate, to indicate the scars upon his hide that bear witnesses to previous encounters with Truth. The immunity thus conferred may be but temporary. But the historian will have discharged his office.

A remarkable specimen of the breed breaks cover in Mr. John Jay Chapman's letter to Mr. Ralph Adams Cram, of November 28, published in The Commonweal last week. The general matter of the letter and the argument that gave rise to it we leave in more competent hands. Nor is Mr. Chapman's complete honesty (let us make this clear at once) in question. Our concern is with the lie itself and the reputation of the great writer upon whom once again the attempt is made to fasten it.

"Such a man" says Mr. Chapman (he is referring to a "highly educated, honorable man of the Roman faith," propounded by himself for purposes of argument) "would say in substance what the great Roman Catholic pamphleteer Veuillot said in speaking to the Catholics (sic) of France, 'Gentlemen, when you are in power we claim liberty in the name of your principles. When we are in power we refuse it in the name of our own.' "

Now it happens that never has there been a falsehood the utter groundlessness of which has been so conclusively proven out of the mouth of friend and foe alike as this oft repeated charge of cynical intransigeance made against the editor of l'Univers and author of Les Odeurs de Paris. What is its history?

At the beginning of June, 1876, M. Jules Ferry, in a speech before the Chamber of Deputies at the time the Education bill came up for discussion and attack by the radical party, did, in fact, accuse Veuillot categorically of having uttered the following phrase—

"Quand les liberaux sont les maitres, nous leur demandons la liberté, parceque c'est leur principe. Quand nous sommes les maitres, nous la leur réfusons parceque c'est le notre."

For all its excecrable syntax, the significance of the "quotation" was clear and Veuillot characteristically lost no time in replying through the columns of the Univers.

"The 'profound' phrase is not mine: it is Montalembert's. Montalembert, after he became a liberal, had not the contempt he should have had for the mere telling phrase. One day when he was in bad humor he chose to resume in this sentence what he considered our standpoint. . . .I fancy his construction was a little better and I seem to see the hand of M. Ferry himself in the new version."

The challenge to make the charge good was repeated but never taken up by M. Ferry or his supporters. Here the matter rested until February, 1911, twenty years after Veuillot was in his grave. In that year M. Maurice Faure, Minister of Public Instruction, repeated the accusation substantially in Ferry's words and under similar conditions.

Jealous of its old editor's reputation, the Univers reprinted his denial and this time Truth had better luck. More honorable or more sure of his ground than Jules Ferry, M. Faure consented to a searching inquiry conducted by the Republican Temps. The trial, ably followed by M. de Cormentin, led back several years to a Paris magazine entitled Intermédiaire des Chercheurs et des Curieux. In its issue of October 10, 1865, an "Enquirer" had asked for the authorship of the celebrated phrase "attributed by some to Montalembert." A letter from Montalembert himself was

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brought to light in a later issue of the magazine. Writing from La Roche-en-Breuil, the great leader of the Catholic liberals had this to say—

"These words are to be met with in a work written by me, not to express a personal opinion, but *to resume in a phrase* [the italics ours] what I have unceasingly fought."

The quotation that follows is too long for insertion here. Mr. Chapman or any other solicitous for truth may find it in the fifth volume of Montalembert's Discours et Polemiques. All that need concern us is the following transcript.

"When you yourselves [Montalembert is addressing the party of Veuillot] are indicted and suppressed, who will defend you? No one: for no one in France will admit the legitimacy of the theory practised and justified by your oracles, *which may be resumed in the saying* [the italics again are ours]. . ." Follows the famous phrase, and as there is no longer even an intimation that it was uttered by Veuillot, it is needless to quote it afresh.

The subsequent history of the slander, however, is too curious to be omitted altogether. The discussion, though over as far as Veuillot was concerned, aroused the curiosity of M. de Cormentin, who determined, on his own account, to trace it to the fountain head, which he suspected was not French or even Catholic at all. Knowledge of Montalembert's intense admiration for his fellow liberal in England, Lord Macaulay, put him on a new track, and, as a reward for his industry a surprising discovery was made. In an issue of the Edinburgh Review published in 1837, the Phrase, in all its virgin integrity, leapt to vision.

"The doctrine [it is Macaulay reviewing Sir James Mackintosh's History of the English Revolution] which, from the very first origin of religious dissensions, has been held by all bigots of all sects, when condensed into a few words, and stripped of rhetorical disguise, is simply this—I am in the right and you are in the wrong. When you are the stronger, you ought to tolerate me, for it is your duty to tolerate truth. But when I am the stronger, I shall persecute you, for it is my duty to persecute error."

Here this natural history of a famous slander may well be allowed to rest. It has been traced from the cynical words put into the mouth of a Catholic journalist by the enemies he flayed in his columns to the purely ex parte summing up of his position by a fellow journalist of the same faith but in another political camp, and finally to the oratorical gesture of an English Protestant historian, by no means notable today for the accuracy of his arguments.

"What is needed to combat error," says Hugo somewhere, probably unconscious how truly he was speaking, "is Light! Light in floods!" Here at any rate is a gleam.

THE SOUL OF SPAIN

WE hear much, outside of Spain, of the activities of the enemies of the established government of that ancient country so dear to all romantic hearts and equally dear to all professional revolutionists. It seems that these self-exiled Blasco-Ibañez's and exiled Unamuno's are chanting a song to the cornet accompaniment of the foreign press which is not heard—even by radio—within the frontiers of the old Land of the Cid.

There are other activities that seem to engage the Spanish mind at home and from more certain sources we note among them two interesting events that have escaped the newspaper headlines. One of them is the Jewish renaissance inaugurated in Madrid in the foundation of the Casa Internacional de los Sefardies, of which Dr. Ignacio Bauer, a relative of Baron Edmunde de Rothschild, and Sr. Manuel L. Ortego are the founders. The avowed purpose of this association, declares La Revista de la Raza, is to unite the Sephardist Jews in various countries (they already have a successful organization and clubhouse in New York) and to carry on a movement for a Jewish renaissance in Spain. The Synagogue of Madrid—5 Calle Principe—now provides a place of worship for the Jews, the municipal council has provided grounds for their cemetery and the Constitution of Spain guarantees their religious freedom.

This may surprise some of the readers of recent books on Spain, but more so, we think, the account of the Madrid correspondent of the National Catholic Welfare Council, Dr. Manuel Graña, concerning the "Ascetic Week" of centennial for the holy Jesuit father, Luis de la Puente (1554-1624) at Vallodolid: at which all the religious orders and congregations convened before an immense concourse of people from every corner of Spain. The University of Vallodolid exhibited a large collection of his books: sermons were preached in many of the churches proclaiming the greatness of the services to religion of this marvelous Jesuit ascetic and urging the necessity of stemming the flood-tide of unbridled ambition, materialism and scepticism with the dike of religious asceticism.

Father de la Puente is disguised from English readers under the name of Deupont, the French form of his name: for it is from French translations that his books have been transferred into the English editions. A famous English edition of his Meditations on the Mysteries of Our Holy Faith was published by Richard Gibbons, S.J., in 1610, with a dedication to the extraordinary Doña Luisa de Carvajal, who devoted her personal fortune and risked her life in the prisons of Queen Elizabeth, in her desire to comfort the faithful Catholics of England in their days of calamity. It seems that no other confessor would permit this lady to undertake her dangerous mission excepting Father Luis de la Puente himself.

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"I SHOULD GO TO YALE!"

By WALTER PRICHARD EATON

THE resignation of Professor George Pierce Baker from the faculty of Harvard University, and his acceptance of a chair at Yale, has been much commented upon, not only in college circles, but in the daily press, and rightly so, for behind this change lies an interesting story, and closely involved is almost a theory of education, or at least an attitude toward education.

Professor Baker seventeen years ago, after considerable opposition from the powers that be at Harvard, inaugurated a course in dramatic composition. That course not only included the writing of plays, but the acting of them before an audience, on the theory, or rather the certainty, that play writing can only properly be studied under practical stage conditions. The professional theatre at first laughed heartily—teaching play writing in a college, ha, ha! Many educators were, no doubt, shocked; men who had for years considered it highly educational to study the plays of Shakespeare "as literature" (something Shakespeare, by the way, never intended them to be) couldn't accustom themselves to the idea of studying the theatre of today as a living art, and trying to get at the creative abilities of students, possibly to find another Shakespeare. But Professor Baker plugged along, with almost no real support from the powers at Harvard, but with the utmost support from the men and women (the course was also given at Radcliffe) who studied under him. Indeed, few men have ever taught at Harvard who commanded a greater devotion from the students under them, who could secure a greater amount of ungrudging intellectual effort, who waked a keener desire to create something. Almost at the very start Professor Baker chanced to turn out a pupil who speedily made his mark in the professional theatre, Edward Sheldon, author of Romance. Broadway laughed a little less loudly. Then, year by year, he began to send men and women into the theatre who were a leaven to the lump, some who had actually taken his courses, some who had merely come under his spell and shared in the dramatic renaissance at Harvard. Heywood Broun, Robert Edmond Jones, Lee Simonson, Kenneth Macgowan, Eugene O'Neill, Philip Barry, are names that at once occur to me. There are many more. It was seen by all thoughtful observers that his work was bearing definite fruit in connecting a great university with one of the most vivid and popular of contemporary fine arts, and thus in helping to put our theatre on a higher plane.

But meanwhile his work was having another result, to me quite as important and far reaching, if not indeed more important. Nor am I at all sure that this result was not at the back of his mind all the time. His work was profoundly affecting American higher education—outside, that is, of Harvard. By showing that play writing can be taught, and by showing that in writing, staging and acting their own plays young people find a creative outlet which appeals tremendously to their interest and wakes in them a keen intellectual and emotional response, Professor Baker not only made the living, contemporary theatre respectable in our colleges (where it had always been an outcast) but he influenced other institutions to imitate or develop the idea of his course, until today there are scores of American colleges giving instruction in the arts of the theatre, and as a result there is something approximating a dramatic renaissance in many sections of the country. These colleges, many of them with the aid of graduates of Professor Baker's "Workshop," are sending men and women back into their communities with the enthusiasm and the ability to start little theatres, to stage first-rate high school plays, to make the life about them more interesting, more creative, more expressive, richer. An excellent example is furnished by the University of North Carolina, where students write plays about the life of the state, act them, and then carry them on tour to even the tiny towns, and, in addition, maintain a bureau to help the communities to put on plays for themselves. They are making a definite and valuable contribution to the cultural life of North Carolina. They are waking up the state to its own possibilities. The same thing, in varying degree, is true in Iowa, Utah, Wyoming, and many other places. In the University of Iowa today you can actually get an A. M. degree in play production. It is not, of course, a fact that all this is due solely to George P. Baker. Still, it is so largely due to his vision, and to the example he set, single handed, at Harvard, that his name will always be chiefly associated with the movement.

Meanwhile he had to carry on his work at Harvard under the most adverse physical conditions, without any theatre or stage except such as was furnished by a sort of lecture platform at Radcliffe college, and without any work room for building scenery, etc., except part of the lower floor of what had once been an old dormitory. When students in the fine arts department wanted to coöperate with him in designing and painting scenery, instruction had to be given them in their own rooms, with the canvases spread out on the floor. Not only did Harvard provide him with no adequate facilities, and make no effort to coördinate the fine arts department with his work, but it is a common rumor that they would not even sanction him to make an effort to raise money for a theatre on his own behalf. He had to see the work he had inaugurated spreading

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through the land, with state legislatures of hard-boiled politicians, even voting money to build theatres for the state universities, while his own classes were hampered at every turn. Finally, even his one inadequate workroom was taken away from him.

Outsiders, of course, wonder at this, and cannot understand the reason for such blindness. The reason is to be found in the personnel of the Harvard overseers, and in the whole Harvard tradition of education. The overseers of Harvard are, as a class, typical representatives of the aristocracy of corporate wealth, of big business, and of the Back Bay. Like all such men, they know little or nothing of the hearts and desires of the common men and women of America, they have little or no understanding of the fine arts or of the need that lies in most of us to find aesthetic expression, and they are pompously full of the "dignity" of tradition, that tradition, of course, including a somewhat puritanical contempt for the theatre. They can understand a $5,000,000 endowment for a school of business at Harvard, which will send them down to State and Wall Streets young men all ready to help them keep the tariff up. But to understand the glory of creating a piece of art, or the thrill of taking the young men and women of an Iowa town and with them as human material forging a piece of illusion that shall make the whole life of that community richer—that is utterly beyond their very limited powers.

Furthermore, the whole Harvard tradition of education is the research tradition. If you study for two years and search out every scene in the Restoration drama which was affected by Molière, you will get a Ph. D. and then you will be a scholar and an educated man, and you can get a job as a professor somewhere. But if you study to write a play for our new Restoration, for the twentieth century, for the men and women of America, and if you learn thereby to love the theatre, and to work successfully in it, and to be creative, and add happiness to your community, you are not educated. You haven't done any research work. Now, it so happens that about one man in every thousand is fitted for research scholarship, or ever accomplishes anything by it. The thousandth, of course, is a great man, and should have every opportunity at his disposal. Admitted. But it is surely quite as important to find some way to give the other 999 some creative outlet. It so happens that Professor Baker saw the living theatre offered just that creative outlet for a great number of young men and women. Other colleges have accepted his discovery gladly. Harvard refuses to. It is a rather typical Harvard attitude.

And now Yale has won another victory over her ancient rival. The Harkness family have given to Yale $1,000,000 for the erection of a laboratory theatre and the endowment of a department of dramatic composition and the allied arts of the stage, to be under the division of Fine Arts, and to be conducted by Professor Baker.

When I went to Harvard, Professor Baker had not yet begun his work in the drama. Under his grave and quiet instruction, I took a course in oral debating. But even from that I caught an enthusiasm which has made me his life-long admirer. If I were going to college again, in 1925, I should go to Yale!

THE REBUILDING OF AUSTRIA

By FRIEDRICH FUNDER

Note: This is the first of three articles by the editor of the Vienna Reichpost, who is one of the most experienced and trustworthy journalists of Europe, and contributor of special articles to the Dublin Review and other periodicals. The three articles give a connected account of the services to his country, and to world peace and stability of Dr. Ignaz Seipel, until lately the Austrian Chancellor. Recent events, including the resignation of Chancellor Seipel, give Dr. Funder's articles especial importance.

THE night had all the languid warmth of June. And although the mid-night hour was long since passed, thousands of people waited in a tense crowd in front of the ancient hospital in Vienna's Favoritenstrasse. Within the building lay a man who only a few hours previously had been shot down by a would-be murderer. Something like a touch of death came in the slow movement of the breeze over the city plunged into stillness. Death itself stood close to the Austrian Chancellor, Dr. Seipel, for it was he who lay seriously wounded in that hospital.

As I came through the entrance and stood in the midst of the throng, reading the first bulletin which thoughtful surgeons had issued concerning the state of the stricken man, I felt round about me the leaden silence—the hush of mingled love and anxiety—with which the news was received. What would become of all these people here, and of many thousands more, if the wounded man who lay behind the darkened doors of this building were really to die? There was likelihood enough that he might: the assassin's bullet had pierced the lung and was embedded in the body. Yes indeed, I thought, what would happen if his country was robbed of this man? He had saved Austria when it was in the throes of death, accomplishing what no other man had even dared to hope for. Naturally enough, a kind of horrible fear now gripped the city which confronted this question and this remembrance.

Anxious weeks followed upon that night of anxiety,

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and for a long time the wounded may lay at the brink of death. But today Dr. Seipel is at Austria's service once again. The great statesman and priest has returned to the control of Austria's destiny.

* * *

Unless you have lived through the fortunes of Austria during the years from 1918 to 1922, it is almost impossible to understand in its remarkable entirety the work accomplished by Dr. Seipel. We may recall that the Austria which came into being as the result of the peace treaties was simply a fragment of a nation of fifty million people, once reckoned among the great powers. It was a small state carved out of the heart of a domain which had constituted the second largest country in Europe and had embraced an area of 676,000 kilometers. The borders of the new Austria enclosed a mere 82,168 kilometers of territory, within which dwelt some six and a half million inhabitants. The old Empire had been an economic unit, welded together during many centuries by a thousand industrial necessities: it was now parcelled out among seven nations. It is true that this industrial territory could show only a passive balance of trade during the years immediately preceding the war, but during the long period from 1875 to 1907 the Austro-Hungarian balance of trade had been uninterruptedly active, and it was obvious that only a slight effort was needed to restore this prosperous condition.

While, therefore, the old realm of Austria-Hungary had been able to supply its population with the necessaries of life from its own resources and by its own labor, the new republic of Austria, inheriting, though it did, half of the honored Imperial name, was totally cut off from the most important sources of supply to which it had previously had access. Traversed from end to end by mountain ranges which leave only twenty-four percent of the country's total area suitable for cultivation and twenty-nine percent for meadow and pasture, while thirty-eight percent is covered with timber, this new Austria has been severed completely from the rich wheat-lands of Hungary, Galicia, Bohemia and Moravia; from the oil-wells of Galicia; and from the coal-fields and the highly developed textile, glass and porcelain industries of the Bohemian-Moravian district. Hungary and the territories which now comprise the Czechoslovakian republic produced during 1913 about fifteen times as much wheat and rye as could be grown in Austria.

The total grain harvest of Austria today is sufficient to supply only one-third of its resident population with bread—a population which under the old régime had not even so much as dreamed of famine. Similarly Austria as we see it now possesses merely a fractional part of the cotton mills, the linen mills, the coke ovens and the sugar refineries which were so large a source of wealth to the empire. Only two-fifths of the coal required by its citizens can be furnished from mines within Austria itself; Bohemia, Moravia and Silesia, however, possess great mines which can supply twelve million tons of hard coal and twenty million tons of soft coal annually. Obviously the old monarchy had never concerned itself seriously with a coal shortage. It is true that diminutive Austria has retained one important industry, its famous art crafts, which formerly carried on a world-wide commerce in products of metal, lathe and leather work, as well as in fine furniture and embroideries. But there is no longer any available outlet to the sea. The vast sums which had been employed in making the harbor of Triest a majestic Adriatic port—sums to which the tax-payers of Austria contributed their goodly share—were lost forever when Triest was annexed by Italy.

In short, Austria, deprived of its sources of wealth, became a small interior state which with the close of the war suddenly beheld all its neighbors busily engaged in barring up their gates at its frontier. The losses incurred were surely staggering enough. But now heavy chains of restrictions upon outgoing and incoming commerce shut in the country round about, and made of it a prison which one could neither get into nor out of. Although the long siege which had been imposed by the period of war had resulted in deprivation so great that it was almost impossible to find a red-cheeked woman or child in any of the Austrian cities, the misery which followed the economic isolation enforced during 1919 and 1920 became almost immeasurable. The graveyards were slowly filled with the burial crosses of children, and vast numbers of adults began suddenly to fall victims to consumption or softening of the bones. Had it not been for energetic American relief work which, laboring hand in hand with the charity of neutral countries (particularly of Catholics resident in them) combined with the generosity of the Holy Father to carry out the formidable task of rescue, a whole nation would most certainly have died in despair.

This desperate economic situation, however, did not end the list of Austria's troubles. Political disaster was imminent as the flame which the Bolsheviki had kindled in the East approached Central Europe with greedy tongue. The armies of Moscow overran Poland; on March 21, 1919, Hungary fell into the hands of Bela Kun and his band of destructive rogues; and Kurt Eisner was beginning to arouse Bavaria. Muna, the Communistic leader, was struggling for the control of Czechoslovakia, and the incantations of the Bolshevik magicians seemed to be summoning dusky shapes from under Austrian ground as well. The spirit of revolution had, in fact, been abroad in the land ever since the downfall of the ancient monarchy. At the close of the elections for the first Constitutional Assembly of the newly formed Austrian republic, held on February 16, 1919, the Social Democrats appeared as the strongest organization, winning 107 mandatories as against 77 gained by the Christian Social and 65 by the Pan-German party.

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Some of the Socialist leaders flirted openly with the Bolshevik idea of proletariat dictatorship. Others among them, while less thoroughly convinced of the blessings of Bolshevism, believed that prudence called for a sacrifice to the dangerous gods. Moreover, the Socialist party was a little intoxicated by its newly acquired power. It armed a body of troops which became a weapon in the hands of the organization and threatened to beat down all opposing political opinion with rifle-butts. Instances of their tyranny became more and more common. The Christian Social-Labor leader Kunschak, for example, escaped the gallows by a hair's breadth; the grim platform had, indeed, actually been erected in the Viennese barracks at Bodensee, prior to the attack made by the Socialist Prætorians on the meeting at which they hoped to apprehend Kunschak.

Soldiers' councils were in control of these troops; and workers' councils bestowed upon themselves the duties of the regularly appointed government officials, broke into houses, drove away the rightful owners, confiscated whatever food could be found, and permitted hordes of plunderers to sack the business establishments of Vienna. Either because they were delighted with this method of frightening the bourgeoisie or because they were too weak to withstand these impulsive outbursts of popular passion, the Socialist rulers retreated before the disorder and attempted to keep the disturbers of the peace in good humor by the grant of lavish gifts. The resources of the state were dispensed with reckless hands, and scarcely any resistance was offered to the vandals who appropriated to themselves the enormous riches with which the department of police had been endowed under the old régime.

State aid for the purchase of bread, meat and milk was extended not only to the poor but to all, regardless of position. If it had occurred at that time to American multi-millionaires to take up their residence in some one of the Austrian cities, they and their entire retinue would have received free gifts of food, whether they were moved at the sight of so much hospitality or not. Their Austrian peer, Rothschild, together with his household, was thus favored with a grant of bread—not exactly because the government wished to confer a kindness, but simply because the reigning authorities lacked the courage to decide where the free distribution of provisions by the state ought to stop. Similarly, the universal collapse of wage-earning was counteracted by the expedient of making countless new appointments to government positions, so that many an office which had been amply taken care of before the war by two officials, was now served by six or seven. And since the national treasury was hardly any longer in a position to furnish credit for even the purchase of flour and grain, the authorities proceeded to cover the deficiency with paper-money. But the tighter they squeezed the budget, the greater became the fissure: the value of the bank-notes sank faster than the presses which turned them out could function. The paper kronen tell their own melancholy story: in July, 1918, the ratio of paper to gold was 2.42; a year later it was 6.75; still another year and it was 31.07; in July, 1921, it was 164.23. During 1922 the debacle became complete, the ratio of paper to gold being 1,530 in January, and 14,400 in December.

Obviously the market prices could not keep step with the rapid advance of exchange, and dealers resold at an enormous profit the supplies which they had purchased some time earlier, at a low figure, from the producers. Swiss and English laborers out of work filled the most princely hotels of the Austrian cities, because the rate of exchange enabled them to live like kings on the unemployment stipend granted them by their home governments. Speculators and stock-market usurers built up tremendous fortunes and strutted about in senseless luxury: meanwhile the middle classes gradually succumbed to poverty, and thousands of people who had owned their own homes and enjoyed substantial incomes were reduced to beggary.

That was the situation. Austria had become merely one great ruin! No arch of the political, industrial and social order was strong enough to resist the pressure of events. With each passing day the mountain of chaos rose higher. It was clear that only the coming of a very great man could bring about even the semblance of salvation. Already there were many who had ceased to believe in the possibility of relief, because it seemed that could come only from a miracle, and they lacked the courage to hope.

Shuttle Song

As a weaver's shuttle,
To and fro,
The days come
And the days go.
Faster and faster
The shuttles run,
Now what shall be woven
When the web is done?

"You shall have a shroud
For life that's done
And a birth robe
For life begun.

Be the thread dark,
Or be the thread fair,
Stain of passion
Or white of prayer,
When the shuttles are still
And the last thread run
You shall wear it
Beyond the sun."

MARION CUMMINGS.

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POEMS

Sanctuary

God takes my thought of you, and shuts
It into magic things . . .
Dim petals falling . . . children's smiles,
The sudden glint of wings,
About this thought, caressingly,
The radiance of nights
He casts—of fountains blowing, and
Of lost, half-sensed delights;
All little, fragile, lonely things—
Words, glances, gestures, tears,
And those star-drifted shadowings
Of Time not made with years—
All instants when fresh wonder sweeps
Across our hearts, and we,
Dazzled with light and space, look up
And fear not Destiny . . .
Deep, deep in what is lovely, God
Has locked the thought of you.
To find it, I must rise and break
Always, all Beauty, through.

MARY DIXON THAYER.

David

Sometimes he must have thought of more
Than Saul's high walls and wanted then,
Fields that are green beyond a door
And are not ever walked by men.

Strumming a psalm with lonely hands
To put a swaddled king to sleep,
He thought then of his fathers' lands,
And of small pastures with their sheep.

HAROLD VINAL.

Roses

Roses—she had always loved them so,
Tenderly watching them to beauty grow.
Now sweet above her grave the roses blow,
She does not heed their fragrance—does not know.

MARIE LOUISE MCKENNA.

An Old Argument

If we are merely what the cynic supposes,
If things are really what they often seem,
How is it that an apple can taste like roses,
And a lily smell like a dream?

MARGUERITE WILKINSON.

Too Many Silver Dawns

Too many silver dawns have touched her eyes
And silver is no longer precious to her;
This soil has been too full of certainties;
Uncertainties come vainly now to woo her.
Dark wood, green-burdened field, red-fruited tree—
Their richness asks too much of feet and hands
To let once thirsting eyes and souls go free
On sky and wind and dreams of other lands.

Distrust these hills. They'll tie you with a chain
Braided of stones, beasts, vines, bleached apple boughs,
And you who brood on light of stars or rain
Like her will see no more than wheels and plows,
How scythes assail green grass, how corn grows tall,
How young pears come from blossoms by a wall.

FRANK ERNEST HILL.

Rome

He who can be lonely in Rome,
Let him be silent, while I write of my friends.

The red road to the Colosseo;
Leaves in the cloister of San Giovanni;
Cobbled streets, generous fountains, thick chocolate. Ecco
But especially ruins; stones left by eternity,
Looking on soldiers, orange carts and trams.

Enormous piazzas: pedestals to lean against
But no benches to rest upon. Enter the palaces—Permesso—
A universal welcome speaks from treasures
Left by man for men.
Also the urgent Paschal bells
Include Saxon and Gaul in their triumphant rejoicing.

Oh, come to San Pietro! Underneath the cross,
Silvered by the quest of pilgrim souls,
The Risen One is worshipped in the Mass.
While in the gardens of the Pincio,
The Easter sun pierces the narrow cypress trees.

He who has words to hint of Rome,
Let him revise; Io non posso piu.

DOROTHY HAIGHT.

Rain at Night

Tears, long-stayed, that well
From silent, ceaseless pain,
Slow and heavy drops—
Are like the midnight rain.

Is it that the stars
Have bent their heads to weep,
Now that wounded earth
Is deaf and blind in sleep?

HELEN WALKER.

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BIRGITTA AND THE BRIGITTINES

By THOMAS WALSH

"IT is readily explicable," says The American Scandinavian Review in a paper on Saint Bridget of Sweden by J. Roosval—"that a large and beautiful image which is to be found in the Metropolitan Museum of New York has not been identified as Saint Bridget"—in other words, Saint Birgitta of Sweden.

This may be easily explicable, but not to anybody with the slightest sense of Christian iconography or knowledge of monastic history, and it is not without some chagrin that an American reads that it was necessary for a Swedish scholar to point out so very patent a fact to the authorities of our leading art museum.

Any work on the saints in art would have informed the cataloguer of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan's princely gift that the handsome wood-carving representing a woman of middle-age, holding a book and pen and ink bottle, could be no other than the founder of Vadstena and not the Madonna. The crown over the veil in the statue is still part of the habit worn by the Brigittines in various parts of the world, and as a feature of the costume revealed to Saint Birgitta, it might have been recognized as a definite detail in ascribing the image to her. This crown as worn today by the Brigittines in Rome and Stockholm consists of bands of white cloth with five red points to represent the Five Wounds of Christ. The reference in Dr. Roosval's paper to the point on the forehead as a reliquary is hardly to be accepted. The workmanship of the Metropolitan image cannot be of later date than 1500, and its attribution to the art schools of Holland is rather happy, as there were at least five great Brigittine convents in that country.

ST. BIRGITTA

St. Birgitta (1303-1373), called after the Irish saint at one time greatly venerated throughout Scandinavia, was the daughter of a Lagman of Uppland, and at the age of thirteen was married to Ulf Gudmarsson, Prince of Nericia, and became the mother of eight children—one of whom, the second Abbess of Vadstena, was canonized as Saint Catherine. On her husband's death in 1344, Birgitta devoted herself entirely to penances and devotions, receiving many visions and revelations which are recorded in Latin by Matthias Magister and Prior Peter of Alvastra. In 1346 King Magnus richly endowed her monastery of Vadstena, and in 1349 Birgitta set out for Rome to extend the activities of her order throughout the world. Pope Urban confirmed her rule in 1370. After her death in 1373, her remains were taken and enshrined at Vadstena, and in 1391 she was declared a saint of the Church by Pope Boniface IX.

The Vadstena church still stands today, the object of pilgrimage for the pious in Sweden, who for all their Lutheranism do not forget that in the ancient days Birgitta stood for holiness, learning and progress. They have taken down her remains from the altar and exhibit the ancient casket lying against one wall of the chapel, usually with some flowers and a pair of candles before it. Rome recognized Birgitta as a saint—Sweden still regards her as the greatest woman in her history.

The Venerable Mother Mary Elizabeth Hesselblad, formerly a hospital nurse among the sick poor of New York, and now the Abbess of the Brigittines of Rome, was early convinced that the true link that binds the Swedish heart and the Roman Rock of Peter is the name and holiness of Birgitta. From her secluded little convent in the Via della Isole in Rome, the Abbess has gone to her new Bridget-House of prayer and retirement on one of the inlets of Malären near Stockholm. Seven nuns have accompanied her and faced

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the death-threats that have followed them into their refuge gates, for the Swedish mind has been kept inflamed on the subject of convents in spite of the fact that the national institutions of deaconesses have accustomed them to the sight of women living in communities. They do not realize that the Abbess Elizabeth and her nuns have come to make them better Swedes and not to interfere in their national politics.

Last spring in her Prayer-House in Stockholm (the erection of a convent is prohibited by Swedish law) the Abbess Elizabeth spoke with the greatest affection of her Swedish fellow-countrymen. She declared also, to the astonishment of her guest, who asked what work her sisters would undertake, that "in our Sweden everything is done: our civilization has neglected nothing that is material: we have here hospitals, schools, orphanages and every form of benevolence highly developed. We are obliged to confine our work to conducting places of prayer and spiritual rest: and our converts are growing more numerous every day." There is a real blessing for Sweden in the return of these Brigittines to their native country. The natural Swede is mystical in spite of his cultivated materialism: he is romantic and he is too learned and intelligent to think that his national culture is to be bounded by the reign of Gustaf-Vasa and the succeeding Protestant period. The architecture of pre-Reformation times tells him a different story: the castled approach to Vadstena on the charming Gota-Canal Route, the exquisite ruins of the lovely churches of Visby on Gotland, are sermons that keep alive the spark of universal religion in the Swedish breast as well as arouse the alertness of the Lutheran forces to resist what, in the end, they will see is a natural and inevitable restoration.

Unlike his brother Lutheran in America, the Scandinavian proudly erects the cross on his highest spire: over his altar stands that cross with the body of the Crucified which has been banished from most of the Protestant altars. There is even among the Lutherans, a sort of High-Church party, so that one may see altar-boys and clergymen gathered in certain sanctuaries in scarlet and purple vestments, while the celebrant of the communion service is still stoled and chasubled according to the ancient rule. The severity of the reformed service bears harshly upon these northern peoples where the struggle for warmth and color in life is more intense than in the south. The home decorations are therefore rather garish for the dweller of a more temperate zone, for in all the arts of life there is an apparent hunger for color that gives the brightest tints a gentle suggestion of the pathetic.

Here, too, is a nation of the finest trained civil efficiency. The Swede naturally falls into step with his own rank: he has a sense of the superior and inferior in grade that seems inborn. His sense of organization and discipline are of the highest, so that inequality or disorder is painful to him at home as much as in his public and religious institutions. This sense of dissatisfaction pursues the Swedish mind in and out of his Lutheran church of today. That his church is a state institution, that Sweden is the oldest child of the Reformation, the land of Gustaf-Adolf, the champion of the Thirty Years war, deeply impresses upon him a reverence which in his heart of hearts is not verified in his belief of today. The Lutheran clergy, made up of many men of culture and learning and real piety is in the opinion of the man on the street, more aristocratic than necessary, bureaucratic in its methods, lax in its doctrinal requirements, or else too rigid to be properly individualistic; and the independent denominations, the Wesleyans, Presbyterians and smaller sects of the countryside form a body numerous and powerful enough to cause concern among the clergy of the establishment. It was with some surprise that a recent visitor, asking for a visé with which to enter Sweden, was challenged to declare his religion. On making a mild protest, he was told that this was according to orders of the government through the foreign office. There was a handsome, sharp-nosed lady at the desk, who pointed with a touch of Swedish inquisatorial dignity at the "sign here."

"But I might be a Jew," the visitor protested with a smile.

"Or you might be a Roman Catholic," she summed up dryly.

A BOOK-MARK FOR YEATS

ONE day I opened a book of William Butler Yeats's poems and between the leaves that enshrined a favorite poem I found a tiny something: a leaf, or bud, or flower; pressed so flat and so darkened by time that I could not tell whether it was leaf, or bud, or flower. But the owner of the book said "It is a shamrock, sent to me from Ireland."

I stood looking a long time at the delicate exquisite shape. It touched my fancy powerfully. I could see it as it was when growing in the earth, moving in the wind, wet with rain, or shining in the sun; or showing the faintest possible glimmer on a night of moonlight. I could see its tender roots searching the dark wet soil beneath the grass. It lived its appointed life with air and water and earth and sun its loving ministers, serving it by day and by night. Now it lay without life, amid the words so full of life. Yet in that moment this pressed bit of weed did more for me than the words of the book had ever done in making real before the eyes of my heart the poet himself; evoking the image of a breathing moving, living man, his eyes reflecting the gaze of the spirit of beauty. I can now conjure up his face and form whenever I please to do so. I feel even more certain than I felt before I saw the shamrock that I would like him did I know him, but I no longer feel impatient to meet him face to face.

T. C.

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THE CASE OF M. LOISY

By THOMAS WOODLOCK

My Duel with the Vatican. The Autobiography of a Catholic Modernist, by Alfred Loisy. Translated by Richard Wilson Boynton. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.00.

ALFRED LOISY'S autobiographical sketch, first published in France in 1913, under the title Choses Passées, and now for the first time issued in a smooth and idiomatic English translation by Richard Wilson Boynton under the title My Duel with the Vatican, should interest those American readers who remember the commotion in Protestant church circles last winter. It is a frank document—at least it bears all the marks of frankness, for the author does not attempt to conceal or to gloss over his own lapses from frankness—and to the careful reader it should prove of great value as a revelation of the real character of the so-called "modernist" movement in religion. Perhaps the most useful comment that I can make upon the book will be to indicate in broad outline the nature of this revelation.

Alfred Loisy was born in 1857. His father concerned himself little with matters of religion; we have the author's word for it that "to him religion was simply meaningless." His mother was "earnestly devout but with no special fondness for either theology or mysticism," and it is Loisy's opinion that if he had in childhood manifested any leaning toward the priesthood "they would certainly have dissuaded me." At eight years of age, wandering alone one day on the hillside, the child (physically rather frail and timid by nature) said aloud to himself—"God is not good!", remembrance of which "enormous sin" remained with him long afterward. Then, after a short course at the municipal high school of Vitry-le-Francois in 1869, interrupted in 1870-71 by the war, he entered the ecclesiastical high school at St. Dizier in 1872. He had not fully determined to become a priest, despite the counsels and predictions of many, who were, no doubt, influenced by the fact that his health precluded him from the ordinary avocations of life. It was a year later, after his annual retreat that the "fatal choice" was made.

In May, 1874, he informed his parents of his decision. His father was "deeply chagrined," but accepted it. "My people did not care to risk going contrary to my wishes, and they believed, not without appearance of reason that, since my health seriously limited my chances for the future, the wisest course was to let me do as I chose." At seventeen years of age he entered the diocesan seminary at Chalons, and in 1875, began his study of theology.

Pages sixty-seven to eighty-three, constituting Section IV. of Chapter I. are perhaps the most revealing part of the book. They show that before M. Loisy had entered upon any linguistic or critical studies of the Bible and of ecclesiastical history, he had lost, if indeed he ever had possessed, all faith, as the Catholic Church understands the word, and they show, too, the fundamental distinction between the Church's concept of faith and the concept thereof which is the very heart of "modernism!" It is worth while to note in detail M. Loisy's own statement of the case, for it is the key to all that follows. Speaking of his entry upon theological studies (in 1875), he says—

> Although I was even then completely immersed in piety, and foremost among the members of the seminary for my fervor, the first contact of my thought with Catholic doctrine—with what was offered me as an authentic interpretation of divine revelation—was an excruciatingly harrowing experience and all that followed harmonized with this unlucky beginning. I can say without exaggeration that the four years which I was obliged to devote at this period to the study of Christian Doctrine were for me four years of mental and moral torture. I even wonder today how it was that my reason stood the strain, or that my frail health did not succumb under it.

What was the matter? It was simple and it was fundamental, as the autobiographer states it, and the words which I have italicized in the following extract set it in bold relief—

> As I had no critical background, any more than those by whom I was being taught; as I saw no one and read no books that could arouse in me doubts as to the foundations of the Catholic faith; as it happened that the sections on the true religion and the Church in which the proofs of the truth of Christianity are given were not reached in our plan of instruction until my last year in the seminary, it was not on questions of fact and problems of history that my mind encountered its earlier difficulties. I was instructed in the economy of the plan of salvation, in the genesis of that act of faith which is a gift of God while yet implying the free coöperation of the believer; the mystery of Jesus Christ, at once truly God and truly man: in the background of this mystery, that of the Trinity, secret of the divine nature, developed in three distinct persons who are nevertheless eventually one: the mystery of grace, coördinate with that of original sin and that of redemption through Christ, an arrangement by means of which the divine mercy is able to rescue the lost humanity that God Himself had consigned to perdition: the sacraments, means of grace, the supreme gift of Christ, and the Eucharist in which Christ perpetuates His presence in the Church. Just in the degree to which certain of these objects of faith had impressed me when employed as sources of religious *emotion,* to that same degree their scholastic explanation in terms of naked *intellect* filled my mind with an ill-defined disquiet. Now

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> that I was required to *think* all these things rationally and not merely to feel them, I was thrown into a state of prolonged disturbance. For my intelligence could find no satisfaction, and with my whole timid immature consciousness I trembled before the query that oppressed, in spite of myself, every hour of the day: "Is there any reality which corresponds to these doctrines?"

The reader will observe that before Loisy had learned Hebrew, before he had embarked upon his studies of the biblical text or the history of the Church, before he was twenty-one years old—if his memory more than thirty years later does not betray him—with no "critical background" upon which to base his position, his "reason" had rejected, a priori, the entire scheme of Catholic doctrine, and "faith" was for him a matter of "feeling" with which "intellect" had nothing to do. It was, as he himself recognized, the key to all that followed. Painful to him as was the first recognition of the divorce between reason and emotion, when it was once accomplished and, later, synthesized in his "theory of relativity," he devoted the rest of his career in the church to an attempt to convert the Church to his point of view. His "Duel With the Vatican" consisted of his attempt during over twenty-five years of his priesthood, during which he said his daily Mass, to substitute his dogma of "relativity"—pure dogma it was and is—for the entire system of revealed truth represented in the doctrine of the Church.

It was in 1883, four years after his ordination, that he developed in detail this doctrine of relativity; it was in the form of a thesis for his doctorate at the Catholic Institute. He had by that time had two years of study, among others under Abbé Duchesne, and had attended Renan's lectures at the College de France. The idea came to him "suddenly in the middle of a night when I was sleeping poorly in the early part of the year 1883:"

> It must have been original to some extent for I had come upon it in none of my reading. My studies as a whole had led me to approximate to it, as well as the endeavor to adjust my critical conclusions to the faith which I was so anxious to conserve. Certain ideas of Renan's may probably have aided me to arrive at it though they were scarcely more recognizable in the result than were the Catholic beliefs with which I started out. It was the result of sub-conscious gestation, not of conscious reflection to the end of building a system.

The idea, as Loisy says, "entirely undermined the absolute character of the Jewish and Christian revelation, of the ecclesiastical dogmas and of Papal infallibility." "What I was beginning to believe regarding the Bible, Jesus, the Christian principles and their origin was the absolute negation of any supernatural character for religion whatsoever." But "I was far from having lost all moral faith." The adjective is important. Notwithstanding that in his mind the whole foundation for the doctrines of the Church had gone, "dogmas like the Virgin birth of Christ and His resurrection simply vanishing into thin air when once their objective certainty was gone; that a reshaping of the entire Catholic system was inevitable," he had no mind then to leave the Church. The most essential beliefs were indeed in question "but what are beliefs, even, if not symbols which derive their value from their moral efficacy? Was not this moral efficacy the one thing needful?" Here we have again the vital distinction between emotional feeling and intellectual assent; it is the keynote of the whole; it is Arachne's thread which leads the reader through the labyrinth of Loisy's mind to the end. It explains how one may be an "intellectual" sceptic and a "moral" believer. It reduces religious dogmas to a mere "symbol," it dissolves away all fixed, absolute truth, all revelation, all knowledge of God. And it was because Loisy could not convert the Church to this doctrine, during the twenty-five years preceding his final excommunication, that the "duel" ended as it did.

This is the heart of the matter, and it is the heart of the entire "modernist" position. So far as Loisy's studies in biblical criticism and Church history are concerned—the autobiography speaks much of them but tells us little about them—unless we are to make an act of faith in the infallibility of M. Loisy's scholarship and in his conclusions, the matter may safely be left to time and research. The essential thing to note is that—as the encyclical Pascendi pointed out in 1908—"modernism" is a dogmatic system in itself and "relativity" and "subjectivity" are its foundations. The Kantian system is at its root. This was amply apparent in last winter's outbreak in this country. It was neither pure science nor deep scholarship which led to it: it was a pure act of faith in the underlying dogma that caused our "modernists" to make their denials of Christian doctrines. It was a case of *a priori* logic, not a logic of induction. The great lesson of M. Loisy's book is just this and it is to be hoped that readers will not miss it. The translator seems to have done so. "After all," he says, "modernism, progress, reliance on reason, is the spirit of the age in which we live. A Loisy may be excommunicated, as a Galileo was silenced; but that settles nothing. The world goes its way, and an institution—even if it be as ancient and august as the Roman Catholic Church—which refuses to move with it, is left behind. However, the old Church is wiser than any Pope or any single generation of her doctors and the story of Catholic modernism is not yet a closed book." This is a complete misconception of the whole thing. You can have the Catholic Church or you can have "modernism," but "Catholic modernism" you cannot have, for the dogma of one excludes the dogma of the other. And as Newman once said—"Either the Catholic religion is verily the coming of the unseen world into this or there is nothing positive, nothing dogmatic, nothing real in any of our notions as to whence we come and whither we go."

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THE BREAKING OF THE DROUGHT

By MICHAEL WILLIAMS

A FEW drops of rain fell heavily; huge, hot globules that seemed to burst like toy torpedoes as they plopped down in the dust of the road in Oak Tree Canyon, through which I was riding from the Empire Ranch to Rosemont, in southern Arizona. Great clouds that to my inexperienced eyes looked like the gathering of a tremendous tempest, were rolling down from off the Santa Rita mountains, with violet sparklings of lightning among them, and a deep muttering of thunder.

I made haste to get through the canyon and so on to shelter. Yet, living as I was among the ranchers of Pima County where ten percent of all the cows were dead of starvation and thirst, I felt I ought to be content to suffer a soaking, and consoled myself with the fact that everybody else would be greatly rejoicing that the terrible drought was broken at last. For this was the worst drought known for a score of years. The previous summer the rainfall had been very light. In the spring, it had completely failed. The cattle were thus in poor shape to face the long, hot, arid summer. The few springs and water holes that usually could be depended upon had soon dried up. Hundreds of farmers in valleys where they usually secured snug hay crops, gathered not a straw. There had been a slight storm two weeks before this day, but one storm does not make a rainfall in Arizona! What was needed was a daily tempest—and a flood, and a cloudburst or two, so to speak—so arid was the roasted earth.

The dozen drops were false prophets. There was no need for me to put on my slicker! Instead of protecting me from a shower bath it simply was the means of giving me a sweat bath. If anything is more suggestive of the hottest hot room of a Turkish bath than the effect of wearing an oilskin coat on a hot day in the desert, I'd be most curious to know what it is.

The puff of wind that had heralded the falling of the scattered drops of rain passed on up the canyon, and died with a sigh of utter exhaustion among the oaks; throttled, as it were, by the soft, heavy hand of the smothering heat.

As I started my horse forward, after stopping to drink from my canteen, a black moving shadow fell on the sand before me; then another, and another. Looking upward into the profound gulf of sun-drenched blueness between the jagged edges of grey cloud, I saw three buzzards descending.

From behind a belt of mesquit up the slope of the canyon there came a mournful sound. I knew what it portended. I knew what I should see if I rode to the clump of mesquit; so I did not do so. Too many times before had I looked at what was there!

A calf or a cow was slowly dying. Like thousands of its kind, weakened by starvation, it had fallen, never to rise again. The buzzards were dropping down to investigate. If the dying creature was a calf, they would sit down and wait for the tid-bit; if it was an old and bony cow, they would turn up their ugly noses and pass on. The buzzards and the coyotes were fat and lazy that terrible year.

I have seen ten or a dozen buzzards at once disposing of the choice portions of a young calf, while not far away lay a score of older cattle quite undisturbed.

I carried a rifle slung on my saddle. But it is unlawful to shoot dying cattle unless you are the owner thereof. You must forbear your hand from the trigger, albeit the mourning cries of the starving and fallen creatures are at the very gates of your ranch. The reason for this law is that without it, too easy would it be for beef eaters, without respect for property rights in the meat they desire,to kill a steer or a cow, and if any questions were asked to say the deed was one of mercy to the beast.

I counted fifteen newly dead and three dying cattle in a ride of less than four miles the other day. The forest ranger in the Santa Rita mountains told me he had counted more than thirty in one canyon. At the Empire Ranch I was told that probably a thousand cows were already lost to this one company. The Empire ships its Arizona cattle to its ranches in California, and fattens them, and sells them at, say, about $45.00 each; so that the loss of a thousand head means a loss of more than $40,000; to say nothing about the expense of raising them, or the further loss entailed in the shortage of breeding cows next season. Millions of dollars were lost each month of the drought in Arizona.

Passing on through the canyon, as I descended the trail on the other side toward the great mesa looking towards Tucson, I could see grey dust storms whirling like water-spouts across the plain, sometimes as many as six visible at once. It was as if the whole immense country—the mountain ranges, and foothills, and lonely mesas uprising from the desert like solitary islands, and the desert itself—was crumbling into powder, dessicating, and peeling, and cracking, and falling apart because of the terrific and melting heat.

And always as I recall this vision of awful aridity and immense solitude, there will be associated with the scene in my memory the acrid, ammoniacal, odor of dead cattle; the galloping grey form of a coyote; the wheeling shadow of black buzzards; and the indescribably mournful sound of a dying cow.

A cattleman who had been in the business in Pima County for thirty years said to me the other day—"It's the poor cows that get the worst of it, always;

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just as among us humans the women folks who are mothers get the rough end, always. The bulls and steers are pulling through. I haven't seen a dead bull or steer anywhere. The cows are made weak by the calves. Then they go for water, leaving the calf behind, to wait under a bush; or maybe, cared for by another cow. Sometimes you see a bull looking after calves—but that's usually when there are wolves around. Often the poor old cow has to go a twelve-hour trip for water. Then it drinks too much, and can't climb out of the water hole, or get back to the calf; and down she goes; and when she goes down she stays there. Then the calf dies, of course. And, Sir, you needn't tell me that the cows don't worry about their calves, and that the worry don't help them to break down, because I know better."

When I returned to the ranch where I was staying, from my ride through Oak Tree Canyon, I said—"I really believe that this time, at last, the rain is coming." For the clouds grew thicker, and lower, and blacker, and the lightning brightened as night drew down, and the thunder thickened and seemed to be tuning up its base chords for the overture to the real symphony of the restorative, the life-bringing descent of the rain.

And at last it began to rain in real earnest. All night it fell. Moist coolness spread everywhere its delicious balm. With a beaming face, the rancher's wife said to me—"It's a million dollar rain!" The rancher maintained a stubborn scepticism, but he finally permitted himself to say—"Yes, I guess it's come, all right—if nothing happens to stop it!"

Thicker and blacker grew the clouds. In no direction now could one see the mountains; in which the rain must have been streaming in torrents.

Before three days had passed, the new grass, the sweet luscious feed, had pricked the earth. In ten days the whole vast region was covered deep with green and with flowers. It was hard to realize the coming change beforehand, after months of life in the midst of bareness, aridity, and parched, burning wastes. Yet soon a green sea of living verdure covered the iron nakedness; and with rain-water and sunshine the grass in its God-directed chemistry transmuted the earth into the stuff of life.

How welcome, then, was the tune that the rain drummed on the shingled roof of my adobe hut! What did it matter that the roof leaked, because of the cracks made by the months of drought? It did not matter at all! I could feel my heart throbbing in unison to the emotions of glad relief, and blessed relaxation from the high-keyed tension of anxious fears, that thousands were feeling at that moment.

NEW LIGHT ON THE BORGIAS

By LYNN THORNDIKE

PART I

Material for a History of Pope Alexander VI, His Relatives and His Time, by Right Reverend Mgr. Peter de Roo. The Universal Knowledge Foundation: Five Volumes. $13.50.

RECENT historical scholarship has much revised former estimates of the Popes of the later mediaeval period. The Pontiffs of the thirteenth century, who once were accused of having joined hands with the Inquisition to persecute and suppress natural science and experimental investigation, have been shown to have been patrons and protectors of the same. The Popes who resided at Avignon in the fourteenth century have appeared in a new light since they have been made the object of impartial historical investigation based upon a wide study of the sources and their official documents instead of being the object of denunciation based on a few hostile accounts such as Petrarch's Epistolae Sine Titulo. Now the old conception of the "Popes of the renaissance," that is, of the second half of the fifteenth and the opening years of the sixteenth century, as plunging into pagan studies and delights, lusts of the flesh, and Italian politics, is being questioned.

Of this series of renaissance Popes the most difficult to defend has hitherto seemed to be Alexander VI, or Roderic de Borgia, and even Roman Catholic historians, such as Ludwig Pastor, have usually not attempted to defend him. Mgr. de Roo notes that the Civiltà Cattolica has recently declared that "historians, no less pious than learned, condemn most severely the conduct of Alexander VI, and that to do otherwise, far from helping the cause of the Papacy, would, on the contrary, do it much harm; because, sooner or later, the truth would rise again, and the fraud of the ill-advised defense would remain exposed and covered with shame." The popular reputation of the Borgias as poisoners has, however, been considerably shaken; and while it is still customary to lay crimes at Cesar's door, there has been a tendency to represent Lucretia as the innocent tool of Cesar and Alexander VI in the working out of their ambitions and nefarious schemes.

Even the Pope himself found a defender as much as forty-five years ago in Andrea Leonetti's Papa Alessandro VI (Bologna, 1880). Of this precursor of his own book Mgr. de Roo says—

> It is a precious work of history, because the author, through patient research, has discovered nearly every important detail of the youth and cardinalate of Roderic de Borgia and of Pope Alexander VI, and all the most villainous incriminations made against him, which he honestly brings forth one after another, discusses, though too elab-

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orately at times, and refutes them with contemporary evidences. To A. Leonetti belongs the honor of having had the courage to contest an infamous prescription of four centuries, and of being the first to intimate the probability of the fact that the children: Giovanni, Cesar, Lucretia, de Borgia, etc., were the legitimate progeny of one of the Cardinal's nearest relatives.

Leonetti's apology for the Pope was not, however, accepted by such scholars as l'Epinois and Pastor, and apparently did not make any very widespread impression, since Mgr. de Roo himself states—"We were considerably advanced in our research, before we read Leonetti."

Now Mgr. de Roo presents his own more elaborate and detailed advocacy of the cause of Alexander VI based on a study of additional documents, and especially upon the archives of the Vatican. His work runs to five volumes, devoted respectively to the Borgia family or nearest relatives of the Pope, to the career of Roderic de Borgia before he ascended the papal throne, to his ecclesiastical activities as supreme Pontiff, to his policy and deeds as a temporal prince, and to his relations with the Turks, death, and character. At the end of each volume are given a number of Latin documents and extracts, of which there are some 224 in all. There are also a few facsimiles and illustrations. At the close of the last volume an appendix of forty pages discusses the credibility of as many contemporary authors for the period of Alexander VI. At the beginning of each volume is a bibliography of the manuscripts and printed works consulted in its preparation, and an analytic table of contents which somewhat compensates for the lack of indices. At the foot of each page are particular references to the works cited and sources used.

The Pontificate of Alexander VI, lasting from August 11, 1492, to August 18, 1503, was a time of great happenings upon the stage of history and of epoch-making transitions in human affairs. Many would place the dividing line between mediaeval and modern history within those years. The death of Lorenzo the Magnificent a few months before Alexander's accession marked the end of the Medicean age and of the Florentine hegemony in the fields of humanism, literature, and art. The glories of the high renaissance at Rome under Popes Julius II and Leo X were yet to come. But the eleven intervening years of Borgia rule laid the essential foundations by establishing something like order and security within the papal possessions. Italian humanism had already reached its flower before the reign of Alexander VI, during which it lost by death or fall from power its leading princely patrons, while such great figures as Politian, Ficino, Pico della Mirandula, and Pontano also passed away. As for the spread of humanism beyond Italy, Erasmus had not yet become a celebrity; Sir Thomas More had yet to write Utopia; Reuchlin was still delving into cabbalistic lore. On the other hand, complaints of abuses and demands for reform in the Church were soon to be followed by the Protestant revolt under Luther. Mgr. de Roo regards Alexander VI as the greatest reformer of the preceding period, and if this estimate be exaggerated, at least it is true that the murder of the Duke of Gandia shocked him into appointing a commission of six cardinals to prepare a program for the reform of the Church.

But the eleven years during which Alexander VI occupied the papal throne were crowded with other great events. Columbus made his four voyages to a new world, and Vasco da Gama completed the Portuguese sea route to India. Charles VIII of France made his momentous decision to conquer the kingdom of Naples, initiating the period of French invasions of Italy and of foreign domination of its soil, and of international leagues and rivalries in Europe. Savonarola rose and fell at Florence, where, too, one Niccolo Machiavelli, appointed in 1498 secretary to the Ten, was obtaining that training in practical politics that later bore fruit in The Prince and his other remarkable works, marking a new epoch in political thought. The conquest of Granada was completed by the Spanish sovereigns in the year that Alexander VI became Pope, and one of his first measures was to divide the former Mohammedan kingdom into Christian dioceses. In England shrewd Henry VII was completing his work of establishing the Tudor dynasty upon solid foundations, and in 1499 found it advisable to execute the pretender, Perkin Warbeck, and the Earl of Warwick, the last of the Yorkist princes. In 1502 by the marriage of his daughter to the King of Scotland he provided for the future union of the two countries, while Poyning's Law of 1494 regulated the relations of the Irish parliament to the English government until its repeal in 1782. In 1499 Switzerland became practically an independent state.

In most works in English on the period Pope Alexander VI has hitherto been depicted in strong colors as an inhuman monster, exceeded only by Cesar Borgia, commonly reputed to be his son. On looking over, for example, some notes taken sixteen or seventeen years ago in connection with a course that I was giving to undergraduates upon the renaissance, I find such assertions as that he would sell benefices, poison the recipients, and then sell the church offices over again, gratifying simultaneously his cruelty and his avarice. That he had a passionately sensual temperament, kept a harem in the Vatican, and was swayed by an almost insane weakness for his illegitimate children. That he bought the papal election, and that he probably died as a result of taking by mistake the poison he had intended for others. As for Cesar, that he once stabbed a minion of the Pope in Alexander's very arms, and would shoot criminals down in a courtyard with bow and arrows for sport.

It is admitted that Roderic Borgia had a good appearance and captivating manners, that he possessed strength and firmness, good judgment and persuasive

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power, and that during his long career as a cardinal he had not been regarded as especially wicked. Indeed, some deny that he became Pope by simony, arguing that "his long services in the Church, his thorough knowledge of business, his personal majesty and intellectual as well as physical strength at the age of sixty, decided the electors that he was eminently worthy of the Papacy," and that "Italy in general was quite satisfied with the choice." But it is held that he craftily dissimulated his real character until he became Pope. Or, if it is admitted that while Pope he restored law and order in Rome and started to reform the papal court, and that some of the stories and gossip about him are scarcely substantiated, these are explained by the fact that—"Alexander throughout his whole career had to pay the penalty for the known disorders of his life, and no accusation against him was incredible," and that "we may agree with the sagacious judgment of the Venetian envoy in Rome—'Whatever may be the truth, one thing is certain: this Pope behaves in an outrageous and intolerable way.' "

It is largely to rebut such estimates of Pope Alexander VI that Mgr. de Roo has written his long work. In general his reply to such accusations is that many of them were not made by contemporaries, as has commonly been asserted, but only after the Pope's death and by persons who were in no position to know. That the contemporary damaging statements are not those of eye-witnesses but the malicious gossip of ambassadors of unfriendly powers, the underhand slander of hostile monarchs, or the trumped-up evidence of rebellious vassals. That most historians have been too ready to see indications of guilt and sensuality in certain letters and documents which it is possible to take in an innocent sense and to interpret not unfavorably to the Pope. And that the damaging official documents are forgeries.

Thus Mgr. de Roo says of the life of Roderic de Borgia before his election to the Papacy—"We do not find any eye-witness to cast a cloud over the Cardinal's virtue." He admits the annual payment by the Sultan Bajazet of 40,000 ducats to Alexander VI for the guardianship of his brother and rival to the throne, Djem or Zizim, but contends that the papers indicating an alliance between Pope and Sultan published by Giovanni della Rovere, who captured the papal messenger returning with the 40,000 ducats from Constantinople together with a Turkish envoy to the Pope, were fabrications of della Rovere. As for the charges against Alexander VI made by Ferdinand of Naples in 1493—"In his distress, the depraved old king resorted to a shameful warfare of lies and slander on Pope Alexander VI, as he had waged before on Innocent VIII." And a few years later—"Frederic of Naples had had no difficulty in winning over to his cause the Kings of Spain and even of Portugal, who now went on a long campaign of slander, insults and threats against the Pontiff." Indeed, when our author complains that "no accusation was ever too incredible not to be made against Alexander VI," we confess to a sneaking feeling that where there is so much smoke there is likely to be some fire.

Mgr. de Roo pretty well punctures the stories that Alexander VI had an early military career and that he purchased his election as Pope. But in his efforts to prove that Pedro Luis, the Duke of Gandia, Cesar, Lucretia, and Jofre were the nephews and niece, and not the children of the Pope, he has not only to contend that the expression, "son of the Pope," was then commonly used of papal nephews, and that, if they were Alexander's own children, the fact would be mentioned in official documents, because "the rule of the Roman Curia . . . was to briefly mention in every subsequent bull bestowing dignities or benefices upon any illegitimate, the fact of his illegitimacy or of the favor of legitimation received before;" he has also to contend that the documents legitimating the Borgia children or any other papers showing that the Pope had children are forgeries or interpolated.

By such defensive tactics as these, by a survey of Alexander VI's official activities as Pope as recorded in the Vatican archives, by a ready acceptance of the eulogies upon his character and abilities contained in the congratulatory orations made to him upon his accession and like occasions by the representatives of other states or by humanists eagerly awaiting and anticipating his favor, Mgr. de Roo persuades himself that not only are all the charges made against Alexander VI so many slanders and calumnies, but that he was "a man of good moral character and an excellent Pope," and even superior to other Pontiffs of his time.

The present reviewer cannot follow the Right Reverend author as far as that. Mgr. de Roo has undoubtedly done us the service of definitely disproving many assertions that have been made concerning Alexander VI, although some of them have already been generally rejected by critical historians, and of at least calling into serious question other charges that have been made against the Pope. He has also rendered an undoubted service in detecting as a result of his more detailed and careful researches a number of errors of fact which even such standard historical writers as Gams, Gregorovius, and Pastor have committed. In settling disputed dates and determining degrees of relationship he has also done excellent work.

But his tone is that of the advocate and apologist rather than that of an impartial historian. Thus he frankly remarks in the preface to the first volume—"In commencing our studies we intended to discover, if possible, a few good actions in the long life of a man who had been depicted to us as totally depraved." This attitude may be commended as charitable, but it does not conform to the highest canons of historical criticism and investigation. The true history of Alexander VI can be written only by a man who does not care whether he was good or bad but simply wishes to discover which

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he was. Our author entitles his work, Material for a History of Pope Alexander VI, His Relatives, and His Time, but in fact he does not limit himself to setting forth the materials which he has found; he takes sides and condemns other historians as slanderous or "licentious and superficial."

If he expects to have many Protestant readers, it is unfortunate that on the very first page of his preface we should read—". . . aroused the love of truth in the hearts of a few recent historians, even among Protestant scholars." And scientifically inclined readers will not value his estimate of Alexander VI the more, because of his quite gratuitous allusion to "the nonsense of Darwin."

A SECOND-HAND SINNER

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

I AM not about to speak of treasures of bibliophily. I assume no pretensions as a rare-book collector. Other strollers of East Fifty-Ninth Street and lower Fourth Avenue have undoubtedly made many more (and many more peculiar) "discoveries" than I. My sporadic raids upon certain stocks on Vesey, Ann and Barclay Streets are never likely to be productive either of fortune or of fame. But it may furnish a little diversion to mention certain items in my second-hand library—worthless to most, infinitely engaging to me.

To begin at random, as to second-hand book collecting: there should be about it a cheerful feeling of guilty pleasure, and a recognition that any pretense that it is a search for actual mental improvement is, fundamentally, humbug. You are seized with curiosity to know all about snuff-boxes in the eighteenth or cotehardies in the fourteenth century, about Peterloo or about Madam Blavatsky, about the use of the toad-stone as outlined in Brand's Observations on Popular Antiquities, or the diversions of Hockley as described in Boulton's Amusements of Old London. Whatever be the quarry, it is sure to be useless for most present purposes, quite positive to distract the mind from its proper concerns. For which reasons I have always thought that a combination of the old second-hand book-store and the old corner-saloon would, in the past, have been an infinitely pleasant alliance. The negligent (and how uplifting!) loitering in either institution is (or, in one case, alas, *was*) fulfilled of such aureate trance.

It is remarkable out of what apparently negligible repositories the assiduous Autolycus of odd volumes can add color to the portrait-gallery of his mind, and consort, even if in undistinguished company, with the certainly distinguished past! John Timbs's Romance of London, in The Chandos Classics, is, for instance, easily available second-hand; no rarity, assuredly; yet therein are Jane Shore, Her True History, Lord Sanquhar's Revenge, Colonel Blood, and Don Pantaleon Sa—all thrilling personalities; chief of all, Lord Camelford, the Duellist—

> The coxcomb, boiling with rage, roared out, "Waiter! who is this fellow that dares thus to insult a gentleman? Who is he? What is he? What do they call him?" *"Lord Camelford,* Sir," replied the waiter. "Who? Lord Camelford!" returned the fop, in a tone of voice scarcely audible, terror-struck at his own impertinence—*"Lord Camelford!* What have I to pay?" On being told, he laid down the money, and stole away without daring to taste his Madeira.

This incident, alone, sealed me to Timbs forever!

Then there are such popular collections of the past as Belt and Spur: Stories of the Knights of the Middle Ages from the Old Chronicles, published (with sixteen illuminations) in New York in the days when Scribner's was Scribner and Welford (namely in 1883). Here we have the story of how Guarin of Metz won the love of Melette of the White Tower, the jousts of St. Inghelberth, and the act of arms between the Lord Scales and the Bastard of Burgundy, with sundry other narratives of battles and tournaments told as old chroniclers like Geoffrey Vinsauf (you all remember him!) Jean Le Bel, Froissart himself, and Chastelain the Burgundian Chronicler could tell them; which was—not ineptly. The book seems to have been designed for the instruction of the young, but is also meat for the adult imagination. Nay, I have even found George Makepeace Towle's account of Marco Polo, His Travels and Adventures, in The Young Folks' Heroes of History (1880)—a narrative sufficiently vivid to hold me quite breathless. Indeed, to make a confession, I have always lusted for Towle's companion volumes upon Vasco de Gama, Pizarro, Magellan, Raleigh and Drake. His material indues his cheap verbal embroidery with a certain glitter. Fictive historians of the present-day who write for the young, lack his sublime self-confidence.

And then—old magazines are a mine of amusement. I possess volumes V, VI, and VII, of Bentley's incomparable Miscellany. The American edition was published in New York on the corner of Broadway and Pine Streets in 1840—by Jemima M. Mason (late Lewer). Oh, Jemima M. Mason (late Lewer)—what blissful half-hours I owe you! Here are plates by Cruikshank, drawings by Alfred Crowquill, verses by Thomas Ingoldsby, Stanley Thorn by the author of Valentine Vox, the Ventriloquist and Sylvester Sound, the Somnambulist, Guy Falkes and Jack Sheppard, by Harrison Ainsworth—nay, even The Fall of the House

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of Usher (included without the slightest vestige of attribution of any kind to Edgar Poe). Here also are Colin Clink, Ho-Fi of the Yellow Girdle, Wanted a Widow, and Rumfuskin, King of the North Pole, by John Poole. The fine red leather bindings of these volumes are now gone forever. They came off in (and *on*) my hands.

My volume of Frank Leslie's Lady's Magazine of '66—and even the Bookman Literary Year Book of 1898, have furnished like instruction and entertainment. And how many forgotten firms are represented by old foxed volumes! My Defoe's History of the Devil came from Leary, Getz and Company of Philadelphia. (Compare Leary's famous bookstore today!) —The Humorous Poems of Thomas Hood is to the credit of Phillips, Sampson and Company of Boston. Shoulder-Straps (that inimitable novel of "New York and the Army, 1862") was put forth by T. B. Peterson and Brothers, of the Quaker City.

In passing, do you know the novels of Henry Morford, the burly, bearded author of Shoulder-Straps? Judge Owen, in the volume I possess, seems to me peerless—

> Old! You are talking about age, are you, you shameless, impertinent hussy—insulting *me* as well as my friends, are you! I know you, and by G—[he was a dignitary of the legal profession, and he was speaking in the presence of his wife and daughter, but the truth must be recorded]—I know what you are driving at, and I'll break you of your fancy or I'll break your stubborn neck! You don't like Boad Bancker, the husband *I* pick out for you, because he is not a beardless boy, and you choose to consider him *old*. And you think I will permit you to encourage that miserable beggar, Frank Wallace, because he is *young!* Let me see one more sign of familiarity between him and yourself, and I will kick him out of the house, as I would a dog—and you may go after him. Do you hear me? Now look out!

The description of Miss Josephine Harris is quite as masterly—"the pouting red lips that never seemed to fade and grow pale as the lips of so many American women do before one half their sweetness has been extracted by the human bee" . . . "Perhaps there was even more than all, to those with whom she came into closer intercourse, in the breath that always seemed as if it came over a bank of over-ripe strawberries dying in the sun, late in summer—and that intoxicated with its aroma as rare old wine does with its flavor." Even better—this—than the descriptions in Pink and White Tyranny, that little known masterpiece by the author of Uncle Tom's Cabin, that endeavor by Mrs. Stowe to catch "ere she change, the Cynthia of this minute" —said minute being of the year 1870. Compare, for instance—

> Rose, entering on Harry Endicott's arm, in the full bravery of a well-chosen toilet, caused a buzz of admiration which followed them through the rooms; but Rose was nothing to the illuminated eyes of Mrs. Follingsbee compared with the portly form of Mrs. Van Astrachan entering beside her, and spreading over her the wings of motherly protection. That much-desired matron, serene in her point lace and diamonds, beamed around her with an innocent kindliness, shedding respectability wherever she moved, as a certain Russian prince was said to shed diamonds.

I am, as they say, "intrigued" by that Russian prince, shedding diamonds.

But I spare you more. This, as you plainly perceive, is not a treatise by a litterateur. It is merely "a chronicle of wasted time." The most inconceivable volumes have sometimes stayed and solaced me in the hour of the Income Tax. The occupation of finding them has been my antipasto to the feast of the actual—that is all. Yet, in spite of its nefarious flavor, it is a dish I can heartily recommend!

MALNUTRITION OF THE MIND

By HENRY LONGAN STUART

Religion and the Mind of Today, by Joseph Alexander Leighton. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $2.50.

RELIGION and the Mind of Today is a depressing book. It is all the more depressing because its intentions are obviously good. Professor Joseph Alexander Leighton, of Ohio State University, belongs to a class, indeed, where good intentions are taken for granted. His is perhaps the single social category that has succeeded in evolving itself out of the chaos of democracy. It is a caste equally removed from the distractions of great possessions, and from those who eat that they may work and work that they may eat, in a systole and diastole that only death terminates.

From these men in far greater measure than from the ministry come our preachers and intellectual leaders today. It is felt to be in their favor that they have given no hostages to dogma. The daily task of cleaning up the moral dirt and untidiness of the world, does not encroach upon their leisure. Their impersonal and scientific view is not ruffled by the rough-and-tumble of clinics nor disturbed by disheartening sick room memories. In the world of religious thought they fill the place occupied in the medical profession by those who, often without sparing the time to take a medical degree, wrestle with the secrets of life and death among microscopes and test-tubes. They are the research men of religion, always examining how much fundamental truth or error lies behind the form-

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ulas the practitioner applies in the world outside.

When such men happen to be sincere, reverent and free from the facile scepticism of the materialist, the life and character of the Savior of Mankind becomes an obsession with them. At times they attenuate His significance by placing Him in a trinity with Buddha and Zoroaster. But the injustice is a transitory one. It often seems to be committed in half-hearted fashion and as a mere concession to the scientific method. The exquisite rightness of every word and deed of the Son of Man maintains its hold upon their aesthetic perceptions. The spectral splendor of Calvary pierces the overlay that covers their emotions.

They have an immense will to believe. The meagreness of the Gospels exasperates them, but it is an exasperation that perhaps some of the saints have shared with them. Such as it is, they search the record eagerly for some hint that will reconcile "science and dogma," some indication that omniscience could have passed a modern college entrance examination. They do not, like the vapid aesthetes of thirty years ago, perpetrate the inconceivable vulgarity of wishing that Christ had been born a Greek. But everywhere expressed or implied is a wistful regret that He was not born just a little of a scientist, and that His biographers were all unaware of the pitiless light the modern historical method would turn upon their artless narrative. Who was this Jesus—so heedless of "the methods and principles of biology" that he ordered the mourners to be silent and the bier to be set down and the grave to open—so disrespectful to psychology (that precocious infant among the sciences) that he drove devils out of men into hogs—so unconscious of "critical historical enquiry" that he prophesied a parusia aeons hence in the warning accents of "zero hour?"

Either He knew too much or too little. If too much, there is no help for it. We must recover, painful inch by painful inch, the secrets of the revelation He possessed but would not account for. We must lose no more time hunting for a chart that has been lost, or perhaps never really existed. We must set off upon our voyages of discovery. Each by himself, in the measure of his capacity and in his own little caraval. For "is it not by the lonely travail of the individual spirit that, obeying the irresistible urge of his own imagination and his own reason, truth is found, beauty created and righteousness visioned?"

If too little, let us register our losses and abate our demands. "To the validity of Jesus's spiritual principles such questions [Dr. Leighton is referring to the Virgin birth and resurrection.] are irrelevant. . . . Jesus is the supreme revealer of man's capacities. Surely this is enough." It is true that He "takes no account of worldly cultures and does not concern Himself with industry or economics or politics, with science or art or letters." This seems poor equipment for one who is to be our guide through a complex world daily more concerned with all six. And it is true that "the most serious obstacle to the acceptance of the Christian ideal lies in its apparent indifference to the values of worldly culture and at times its hostility." Nevertheless the enterprise must be faced. On one condition be it understood. "The nearest approach to a Christian system was in the Catholic Church of the Middle Ages." But it is just this line of nearest approach that, in all adventures and our odyssies we must the most sedulously avoid. "If a tradition can not live with the methods of contemporary and growing knowledge, it is useless, nay, it is positively harmful." The generation that was compelled to take its religion without the benefit of such methods is conceived by Professor Leighton himself in rather traditional and summary fashion. It lived on a flat and geocentric universe, "in daily and hourly expectation of the cataclysmic coming of the kingdom in all its power." Its God and Creator was "somewhere outside:" Above were "the fixed stars and Heaven, underneath the abyss and the awful shades of Hell." It had an easy-going belief in divine interposition, ignorant that the miracles it thought it witnessed were "not in harmony with the principles of order or verifiable by the experimental method." It is needless to add that it accepted literally the Biblical story of creation, fall and redemption. Such a frame was "an admirable setting for the faith that nature is subservient to moral and spiritual values."

But, under the successive blows that science has delivered, it lies in ruins and it has become a question how much can be salvaged. Of course, like all half truths, this view of the mediaeval world is essentially misleading. When treating of the Middle Ages it has always been possible to build up, fragment by fragment, a sort of puzzle piece of superstition and bedevilment, only to watch the completed picture glow to a vision of splendor and joyousness such as the world will never know again. It is true that the Christian of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries believed in miracles and that his faith took forms of simple credulity that today are fair game for the sceptic. The border state of science, which impinges at one end upon ascertained matter and at the other upon a whole domain of unseen forces, was not in his possession. But intuition told him these forces were there. He found it more natural to believe that they might be released in his favor at any moment by the Being who had created them. A whole mushroom edifice of pseudo-science and religion has been erected within our own day upon his instinct that health, not disease, was "the law," and miracle only a return to it. Dr. Leighton assumes too readily that the territory of the miraculous is surrendered ground. He seems to be unaware, to mention but one instance, of the de Rudder case in Belgium some thirty years ago, which certainly did not escape scientific investigation.

If he lived daily and in hourly expectation of the coming, the Gospels told him that when these things

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came to pass he was "to lift up his head, because his redemption was at hand." Convincing evidence that his insecurity did not shake his nerve is at hand in the tremendous edifices of piety his faith undertook, some of which have only been completed in our own day. His God was so little "somewhere outside" that he could be summoned to any altar by four words spoken in Latin or Greek by a humble and unlearned brother. Heaven was "above him" and Hell "underneath." But it is another assumption to believe that this homely concept was any expression of conscious cosmic belief. Because Professor Leighton speaks of "the ringing corridors of time," do we accuse him of furnishing history with passages and elevators? This mediaeval man had a sense of distinctness between spirit and matter that shocks the modern student. But his mind was not more, but less, closed and positive. Certainly no familiarity with physics would have made him advance as an argument against the Resurrection that the risen Redeemer could not have "passed through closed doors," nor against His Ascension the argument that "a human organism could not live at all thirty miles up in our earth's atmosphere." When destructive criticism has reached this level, we are no longer with Spinoza or even with Voltaire. We are in the company of M. Homais, the unforgettable pharmacist of Yonville.

To the believer—the unashamed, undismayed believer—there is unspeakable pathos in such books as Religion and the Modern Mind. Their writers seem to register a transitional stage in human thought. In them, as was said of a great poet of the last century, "the faith of the Christian persists to torment the negations of the sceptic." Their minds are filled with a positive vertigo at the discovery of the extreme antiquity of man and his world.

Meantime these men cannot be conceivably ignorant that in their midst, predestined to be their companion to the end of time, a corporate body persists to whom the Man God is not a cryptic figure to be re-created from the background of history, but an actual and living presence and help in time of trouble. He needs no attenuation because by Love's own act He is brought low. What paralyzing enigma can infinity of time or space propound for the man who believes that its entire gamut from eternal principle to infinitesimal particle, passes before his physical eyes? Into what insignificant perspective do such things as texts, readings, historical evidences of this or that manifestation fall, in presence of the Mystery of Mysteries, before Whom wisdom is brought to foolishness, sin tastes only its bitterness, failure and irretrievable error find a meaning. It is a hard saying and no wonder so few accept it—so many turn sorrowful away. They hunger after justice, but will not appeal to the one court where the world's judgments are sure of reversal. Thirsting for the infinite, they pass, a dozen times in a day, the doors behind which the Infinite keeps open house.

BOOKS

The First Book of the New World

THE first book of the new world would certainly be treasuretrove for any bibliophile: for an American collector it would be invaluable as marking the beginnings of printing and publishing on our continent.

The question of these first publications on American soil has a special interest for some of us inasmuch as these earliest books were the religious works of Catholic congeners in Mexico, the earliest literary evidence of that missionary enterprise which crossed the ocean in the first ships of Columbus and spread the light of the Gospel not only across the length and breadth of Central and South America but led the Spanish and French explorers and colonizers through every corner of North America, from Florida to Labrador and Vancouver.

It seems established beyond doubt that the first printer to arrive in the new world was Estéban Martín. From a memorial written by the Procurator of Mexico City, we learn that this "master printer," was an expert in the art of typography, capable of producing books for church use, "de letra grande y pequeña," as well as books of plain chant: that he knew also how to illuminate and perform many other appropriate works.

The date of his coming to Mexico is given as sometime between 1533 and 1534, and his first work, according to the best Mexican authorities, was the Doctrina of Fray Toribio de Motolinía, a Mexican catechism without exact date or place of publishing, but attributed with great plausibility to the year 1537. Unfortunately, this book and the other little texts prepared for the use of the Dominican novices, have quite disappeared from sight.

On the other hand, we have the claims advanced by the scholar, Dávila Padilla, claiming that a certain Juan Pablo was "the first printer that came to the land" of Mexico. This statement is not accepted by the Mexican bibliophiles of today, who also question his statement that the translation of the work of Saint John Clímaco by Fray Juan Estrada (properly known *in religion* as Fray Juan de la Magdalena) "was the first book printed in Mexico in the year 1535."

With this proviso we must accept the further statement of Dávila Padillo that—"The first book written in the new world and the first given to the press in this land was his work. It was a book of Saint Juan Clímaco intended for novices, and as they were in need of books in romance (Spanish) they desired to have it translated from the Latin. He did this with such cleverness and such elegance, being a very good scholar in Latin and romance, that his book was the first printed by Juan Pablo, the first printer that came to this country."

The full title of his book is: Escala Espiritual Para llegar al Cielo, Traducida del Latin al Castellana por el Venerable P. Fr. Juan de la Magdalena, Religioso Dominico.

According to Diego Panes Avellán, this volume was in octavo. We may leave the difficulties of the conflicting dates of the Doctrina and the Escala Espiritual to the Mexican bibliophiles, having established in any event the entirely monastic character of the first authorship and the first printing and publishing in the new world. There is nothing extraordinary in all this when one considers that the first presses in the world were set up in monastery chapels and that the printers' devils called the foremen "Father," ran up and down "aisles," gathered their types out of old holy-water "fonts," and dumped the defective types into the box called "hell." The "justifica-

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Decay "under the Elms"

WALKING through a deep forest, one man, I suppose, might see the tracery of sunlight on the leaf carpet, another the rugged trunks, and still another nothing but the fungus and the decaying logs—to each a vision, to each a certain beauty, but to the first also a faith in the world which is not forest, to the second also a courage drawn from the strength of the growing trees, and to the third only a despondency fed by dark and slow death. Eugene O'Neill has shown by now, I think, that his earlier work was not the expression of a passing mood only and that he is, in all sincerity and grim terror, that third man. Desire under the Elms, although far surpassing S. S. Glencairn or even The Hairy Ape in dramatic power, is still of the same mood, the same fibre and the same impassioned despair. O'Neill does not only write tragedies. He is a tragedy.

Viewed solely as a piece of dramatic art, this latest production of the Provincetown Players surpasses in importance most of their recent efforts. Although the Greenwich Village Theatre is by no means large, it affords them more scope for creative effect, and with the stage settings and stage direction both in the expert hands of Robert Edmond Jones, the result is both odd and strong. When the curtain rises, you see the clapboarded New England exterior of the Cabot farmhouse (the period is 1850) overhung and almost engulfed by sombre elms. In successive scenes, sections of the front of the house are removed, so that you can follow the action, sometimes simultaneous, taking place in different rooms, or within and without the house. The effect of this is, of course, greatly to heighten the visual contrast of certain situations and to escape the necessity of describing off-stage action. It is a sort of compromise between older stage traditions and the flexibility of the screen drama. With the slightest mismanagement, it runs the danger of becoming ludicrous. But in this case, there is no mismanagement and the effect is startling and forceful. The play is written in and around a five-fold stage. The whole idea becomes plausible and essential.

The play itself gives us the story of one year in the life of Ephraim Cabot, seventy-five years old, and twice a widower. He has two sons by his first wife, who leave him in the first act to seek gold in California, and a third son, Eben, by his second wife. Eben lives in the memory of his mother, and in the passionate conviction that the farm was rightly hers and should become his. But Ephraim, a hard and lonely soul, brooding on the severities of the Old Testament, marries again, and brings to the farm Abbie, a young wife. Eben takes this as an insult to his mother—until he suddenly discovers that his hate for Abbie has become an impassioned love. Through her he thinks he has found a way of avenging Ephraim's cruelty and injustice to his mother. In his tangled mind, Abbie becomes for him both mother and mistress. They have a child—which the aged Ephraim believes to be his own.

Here, of course, the analogy to the ancient Oedipus tragedy becomes obvious—an analogy modified to meet the beliefs of one school of modern psychology, and distinctly without the spiritual clarity and elevation which forever stamped genius on the Greek drama. In Greek tragedy, the full import of the downfall was always heightened by the explicit or implied contrast between the creative and the destructive forces of life, whereas in Mr. O'Neill's work the whole action is keyed to the one pitch of the destructive. It is not Paradise Lost so much as Paradise Unknown.

Yet to a limited extent, the tragedy of the last act also follows the Greek formula.

No sooner is the child born, than Eben is led to believe that Abbie has tricked him again—that she has wanted the child only to insure her life long possession of his mother's farm, and to cheat him of his inheritance. He accuses her of this. Thinking to prove her love for him, Abbie smothers the child, only to find that this incites his horror as well as his hatred. In mental anguish Eben rushes to the village and summons the sheriff. Repenting of this almost immediately, he returns to beg Abbie's forgiveness, blaming himself for inspiring the murder. He finds that Abbie has confessed the truth to old Ephraim. The sheriff comes to the house, and Eben surrenders himself as a partner in the crime—leaving the gaunt Ephraim to be proud of his son's last act of courage and to face his last years wholly alone.

This is the barest outline of a plot that finds enhanced grimness in a hundred details of irony, cumulative gloom, and well calculated suspense. Once you accept the theme, its working out is intense and often masterly. But the theme itself is the very point that demands challenge, both in its value as true drama and in its title to even poetic realism. Mr. O'Neill could plead that such things do happen, and particularly that given the Puritan background, the lonely farm, and the various outward circumstances, this very thing would be likely to happen. But that is not enough. Mr. O'Neill is not merely a journalistic playwright reporting events. He is also a poet and a philosopher, and he allows himself the poet's privilege of interpreting the outward action by its subjective motives. And this is where I think he departs from accord with life, where he sees only the fungus and the decaying logs in the forest. He fails to see—or possibly does not believe that life is a struggle between two distinct influences, one degrading, the other regenerative. He selects as his material the degrading influences alone. He sings only the songs of the Furies and the chants of Eros. So long as he continues to think and write in this damp prison, there can be for O'Neill nothing but tragedy —the pitiful and weak tragedy of one who does not even know the sunlight and the richer love he has lost.

As in Stark Young's recent play, The Saint, the Provincetown Players are not to be congratulated on the general level of acting. Much of it was untrained and amateurish, with the New England dialect notably mishandled. But the work of Walter Huston as Ephraim and of Mary Morris as Abbie stands forth bravely. Both deserved better support for their splendid and well poised interpretations.

From Barrie to Broadway

THERE is no obvious reason why Marilyn Miller should not make a delightful Peter Pan. She has the physical qualifications, the personal force, and a queer little touch of pathos which, with adequate coaching, ought to fit her generously for the part. Unfortunately, some one has seen to it that her ascent from musical comedy should not be too abrupt,

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that she should carry with her not only the attributes suited to her new rôle, but likewise much of the business of earlier musical successes. Barrie has been Broadwayized, ostensibly for Miss Miller's benefit, but effectually for her great harm.

I recall seeing a billboard in front of a Boston church setting forth this pointed notion—that if you must mix religion and business it makes a great deal of difference which you pour into the other. The same is true of Barrie and Broadway. Many of the finer musical plays of the last few seasons have benefited enormously by the introduction of the sprightly, the fantastic, and the delicate, both in music and plot. But to pour Broadway jazz into the first act of Peter Pan, in order to give Miss Miller a chance to dance, is like pouring gin into sparkling Burgundy. You have to remain a child of the sun-shot vineyard to taste the full joy of Peter Pan, and the dash of sophisticated hard liquor simply transplants you for the evening to another and harsher country from which there is no return.

The whole scale of the production, following the initial blunder, is too elaborate and too mechanical. The elfin quality is lost. This is doubly unfortunate for Miss Miller, since her own conception of Peter is in the main refreshing and joyous. If the management did not force her to emerge from the character so often, she could, I believe, quite easily sustain that childish and utter sincerity which made Maude Adams and Peter Pan almost synonymous. Probably she would never attain the rare diction and subtle wit of Miss Adams, for she is by no means as well trained an actress. But she could become a most acceptable successor. That she has not succeeded is distinctly the fault of Broadway management.

For Your List of Plays

Conscience—A rather poor play of an I. W. W. agitator who kills his wife and sees ghosts, redeemed in part by the remarkable acting of Lilian Foster, a newcomer.

Minick—An excellent comedy showing remarkable insight into the problem of two generations under one roof.

The Haunted House—In which Owen Davis satirizes mystery plays and gives you a new mystery to solve. An amusing farce.

The Farmer's Wife—Perhaps the best comedy of the season with a splendid cast headed by the Coburns.

The Second Mrs. Tanqueray—With Ethel Barrymore—an interesting revival.

White Cargo—A morbid story of the white man's degeneration in the tropics. Mostly unrelieved gloom.

Dancing Mothers—In which a flapper reforms and her mother does the reverse. Well acted, but the outlook unhealthy.

Grounds for Divorce—A sophisticated skit on the divorce mania.

Expressing Willie—A polite and somewhat artificial satire on psychoanalysis and faddists in general.

The Fake—In which a murder for the sake of eugenics and general convenience is made to appear quite the thing to do. A play that should never have been produced.

The Werewolf—Deserving sudden oblivion.

The Best People—An amusing play using trite material.

The Show-Off—A sterling comedy that touches a guilty chord in many who laugh at it uproariously.

What Price Glory—A very fine, though not a great play, which tries to be pacifist but only succeeds in extolling true glory.

Lazybones—The best rural comedy of many years. Very well acted.

S. S. Glencairn—Four examples of Eugene O'Neill's earlier pessimism.

The Guardsman—A play in which the artistic temperament and infidelity are selected as comic themes. Reviewed next week.

Musical Plays and Revues—Whenever space permits, we shall list the best of this endless collection. *Madame Pompadour, Rose Marie, The Dream Girl* and *Annie Dear* seem to be the decided hits.

BOOKS

(*Continued from page* 162)

tion" of pages is another such phrase showing a monastic origin. That is why among printers the composing room is still called "the chapel" and these and other terms are in daily use on lips that now speak little of the mediaeval Latin. T. W.

Mysticism in Robert Browning, by Rufus M. Jones. New York: The Macmillan Company. $.50.

WHEN the French literary critics began talking about "les mystiques" without the slightest reference or respect to the sense of *mysticism* in its true and ancient use, there were numerous, unavailing protests which have not prevented English writers from seizing hold and perpetuating this abuse of speech. Mr. Rufus M. Jones has, indeed, an added difficulty in proving to us the validity of Robert Browning's claim to the title of mystic. Mr. Jones admits that Browning was not a mystic in the same sense as Tennyson, who appears to be somewhat of the same school as the twirling dervishes when he confesses to "repeating my own name to myself silently till all at once, as it were out of the intensity of the consciousness of individuality, individuality itself seemed to dissolve and fade away into boundless being, and this, not a confused state, but the clearest, the surest of the surest, utterly beyond words—where death was an almost laughable impossibility—the loss of personality (if so it were) seeming no extinction, but the only true life." (Oh, bosh!—this expression is quite our own.)

Browning, according to Dr. Jones, is not at all according to this gospel of supernal dizziness or gyration: his only claim (and it seems a poor enough one) to be called a mystic is that he realized his knowledge—in other words, was a real poet of his own kind, and used apprehension rather than external communicated facts. The most satisfactory page of Dr. Jones's study is where he shows us that, at least, Browning had a conception of true mysticism which is lacking in many of his commentators. In A Death in the Desert, with its Protestant sense of the soul's aspiration rather than the descent of the Holy Spirit in a special grace, and in the dangerous doctrines of old Molinos risking the precipices of consciousness in a plunge at the divine, we have Browning's statement of his mystical beliefs. The quotations in Dr. Jones's essay go far to reaffirm that Browning's soul was typically Protestant in its best personal sense and British with its limitations.

Pascal D'Angelo, Son of Italy. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

THIS is the autobiography of Pascal D'Angelo, one of the pick and shovel gang that passes us on the country roads and digs in our city subways and excavations. The sufferings and disillusions of a superior soul under the soiled shirt of the foreign laborer: the hunger and deprivations of the poor immigrant striving for a place on the lowest rung of the American ladder of success, and finding it after a long trial. Pascal D'Angelo has at last won a place in editorial sympathies and there is much in this book to warrant hopes for him in permanent literary circles. The verse Omnis Sum is interesting:—

On the Calvary of thought I knelt, in torment of silence.
The stars were like sparks struck from the busy forge of vengeful night.
The sky was like a woman in fury
Dishevelling her tresses of darkness over me.
It seemed as if the whole universe were accusing me
Of the anguish of Deity.

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library—C. Lamb.

"One million to one, it used to be, but now it's even money—humph!" muttered Doctor Angelicus, from the depths of his easy, far too easy chair, his snort disturbing the somnolence of the Quiet Corner most ungently. Tittivillus, the impish page boy, always furtively at war, in underhand ways, with Angelicus, was automatically startled into uttering his shrill, "Yah!" even without knowing what the Doctor was driving at. Hereticus prepared to do battle. Statisticus it was, however, that man of figures, who took up the gage.

"What uneasy dream, born, mayhap, of a misplaced bet on the ponies at Tia Juana, or New Orleans," he inquired, "is responsible for this outburst? One million to one has become even money, has it? How, on what, and where?"

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Doctor Angelicus thrust a pudgy forefinger into the midriff of a rustling newspaper. "Listen to this," quoth he. "The scientists are at their old tricks again, and the newspapers, as usual, are cheering them on. Professor Highty Tighty, or some such name, astronomer extraordinary to the University of Topsyturvydom, tells the world that the average life of a star instead of being some millions of years, as was supposed generally, is probably some millions of millions of years. It having been assumed (Oh, God, Oh, Montreal, these gay assumptions!) that our earth had been formed out of a fragment of the sun, torn asunder by the close passage of a great star; mathematicians had calculated that the chances against another such celestial smash-up were 1,000,000 to one. But now that the age of stars has been increased millions of times, the odds against collisions become so reduced that they are now even. Let's get a bet on this, gentlemen, before a bump occurs. Who votes for a collision? Who against?"

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

"What I want to know," said Hereticus, acidly, "is who is to hold the money?" "What I want to know," said Primus Criticus, "is who needs the use of the money, pending settlement on Judgment Day, more than me?" "What I want to know," said the Business Manager, "is how long must the man who bets against collision wait to get his money, if no collision happens?" "But what I would like to know," said the Editor, "is how the popular newspapers could ever fill their enormous space, and sell their editions without the speculations of modern science?" "The divorce courts, the doings of society, get-rich-quick schemes, and crime waves would help even if modern science shut up shop," replied Angelicus. "So let us hope it will remain open. It's at least funnier than the other things."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Doctor Angelicus seemed to be threatening to proceed, but paused in the midst of his argument to brush off a fly from his nose. Interrupted in his train of thought, the Doctor fell into reverie and hummed softly to himself—

'Tis the last fly of summer
Left buzzing alone.
All her lovely companions
Skedaddled and gone.
Not a bit of fly-paper
Not a netting is nigh
To protect our poor blushes,
Our nose or our eye.

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The Poetry Editor remarked—"As a parody, Angelicus, your lines are not so good, but as a bit of realism they may pass muster. Which reminds me that a new poet, one Roderick Fill, a braw Scottish laddie, has lately appeared, determined to enlarge the somewhat artificial subject matter of poetry. Here are some verses of his which announce part at least of his program—

Now doesn't it seem curious,
With editors so furious
In seeking out fresh novelties and labels—
Without poets in pursuit
Of so much Forbidden Fruit,
They should bar Forbidden Vegetables?—

Though a laureate can grapple
With a sonnet on an apple,
Or a quatrain on a cherry or a peach,
He will dodge the quaint potato
Polished onion, bright tomato,
And leave beets and beans and cabbage from his speech.

Have our carrots naught of splendor?
Is asparagus not slender?
Are red turnips and sweet parsnips only fables?
Why, save when in vulgar jokes,
Never rhyme on artichokes?
Why the fruits and not the vegetables?

"However it may be in poetry, prose, anyhow, and noble prose, has not failed to celebrate the vegetable world," said Doctor Angelicus. "There is Huysmans, for example, in his description of vegetables and herbs, in The Cathedral and The Oblate. And the pages in Hilaire Belloc eulogizing the onion are as delectable as that juicy, healthful vegetable, than which—"

"Ah," said Hereticus, hastily arising as the Doctor puffily turned in his direction, "than which nothing, I perceive, pleased you better in your evening's meal."

The Librarian.

CONTRIBUTORS

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